

JUG - 6 1947

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

SEPTEMBER  
No. 65

COMICS 10¢

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
SM  
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**BLACKHAWK**  
battles  
*the* **THUNDER  
BIRD!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

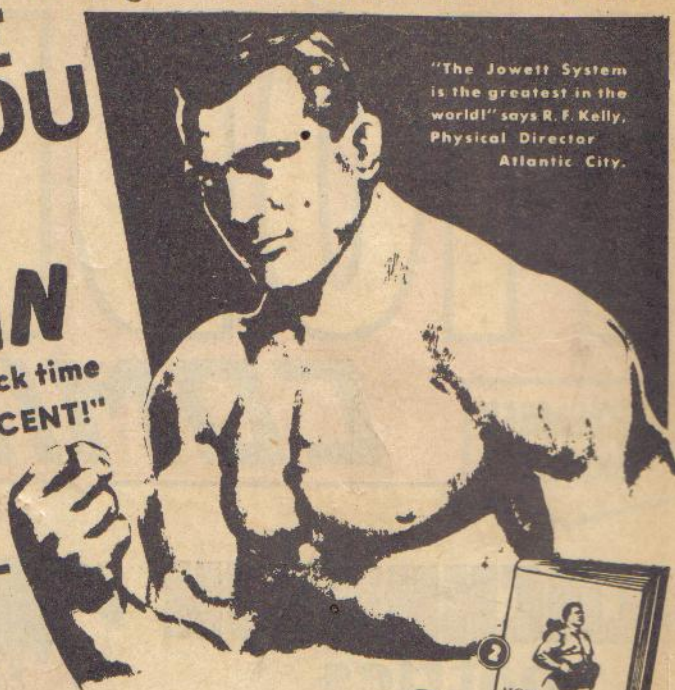


# WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me **PROVE**  
I can make **YOU**  
**TOUGH AS**  
**TARZAN**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**



"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

**Give me 10 Minutes a Day**

**Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength**

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-somest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

**PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT**

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

**READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY  
ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN  
THEIR FOOTSTEPS!**



**A. PASSAMONTY**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

**DEX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



**SEND FOR JOWETT'S  
PHOTO BOOK OF  
FAMOUS STRONG MEN!**

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

**FREE!**



**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
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**BUILD A BODY  
YOU'LL BE PROUD OF**

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

**10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!**

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



**FREE GIFT COUPON!**



George F. Jowett  
Champion of Champions

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George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- |                                                                                                     |                                                      |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Picture Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs, 25c                                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c                                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. |                                                      |

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY. INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

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# BLACKHAWK



With the lightning and storm,  
came the mysterious

## *Thunder Bird!*

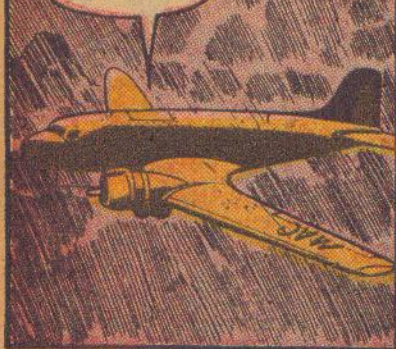
From what deep caverns of the  
earth did he take wing, this  
monstrous creature of legend?

**The BLACKHAWKS**, dark  
knights of the skyways, wing  
aloft to battle the strangest  
opponent of their adventurous  
careers!



Buffeted by storm, a cargo plane heads toward Thunder Mountain..

THAT'S A STIFF BLOW! WHAT'S THE GROUND LEVEL SPEED?



WE'RE MAKING A BARE SEVENTY-FIVE AGAINST THIS HEADWIND! CHECK THE ALTIMETER!

THREE THOUSAND! WE'LL CLEAR THE TOP OF OL' THUNDER WITH PLENTY TO SPARE!

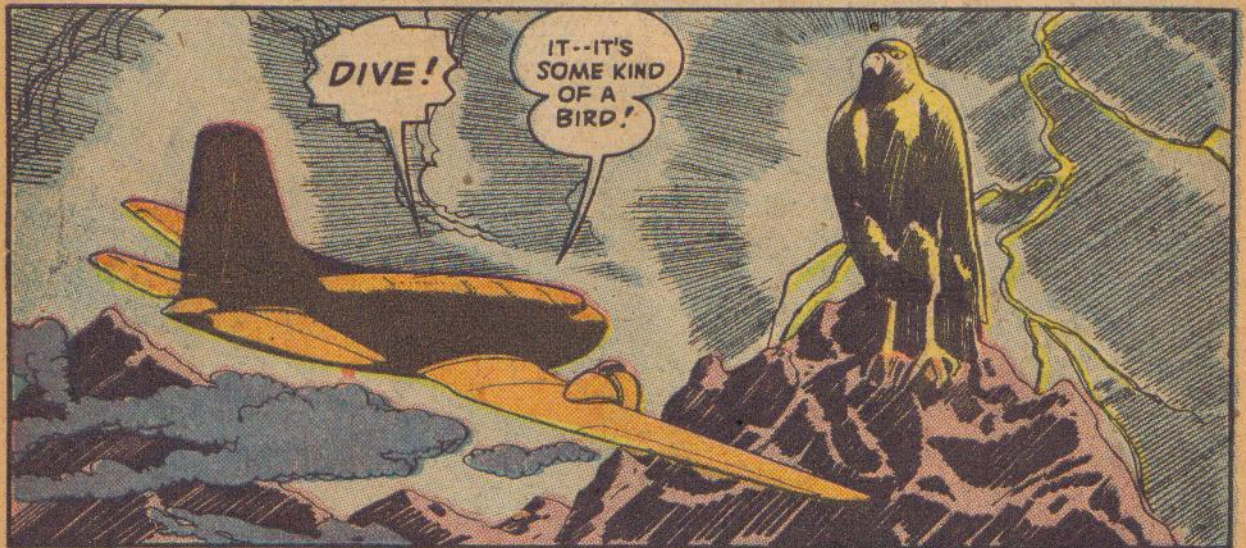


HARRY! LOOK!



DIVE!

IT--IT'S SOME KIND OF A BIRD!

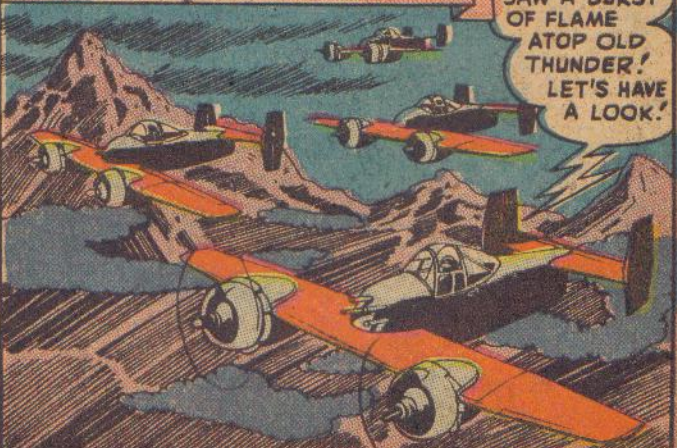


CRASSHH!

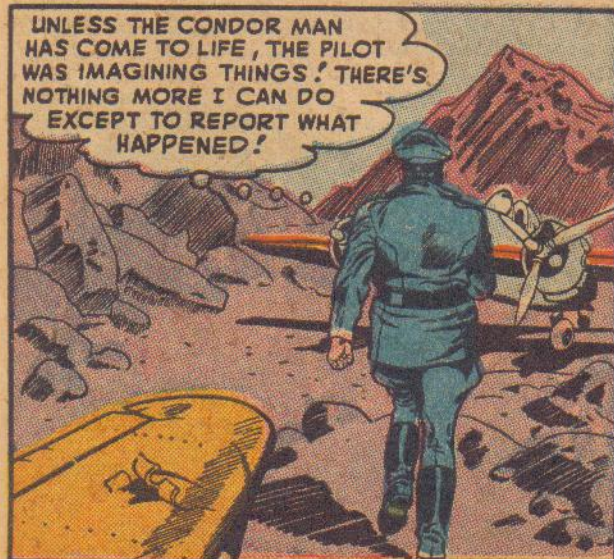
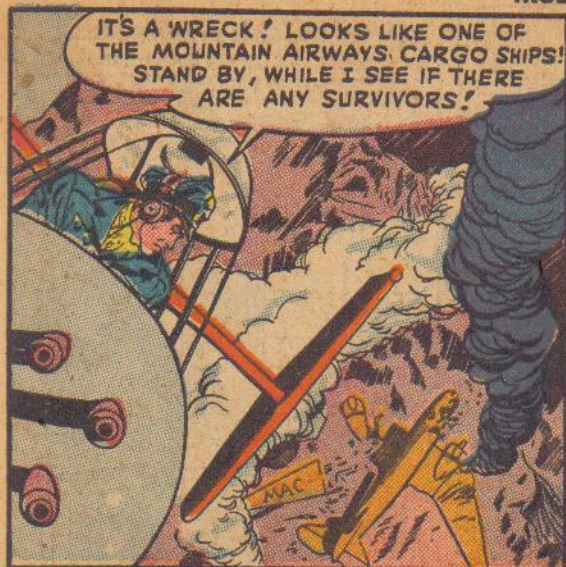


Not far from Thunder Mountain, The Blackhawks are flying a routine patrol...

ATTENTION, BLACKHAWKS! I THINK I SAW A BURST OF FLAME ATOP OLD THUNDER! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

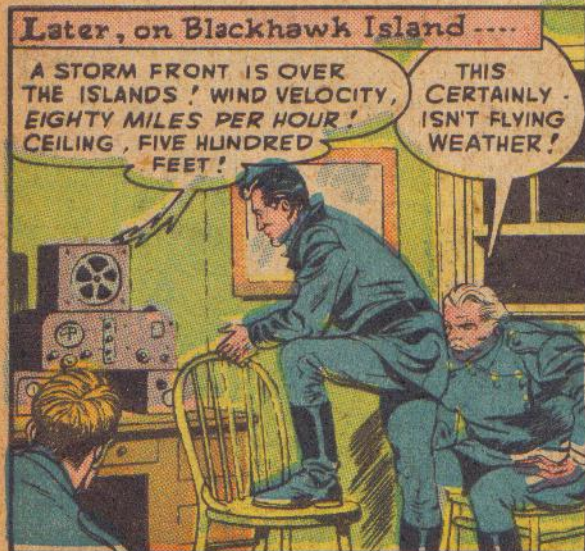
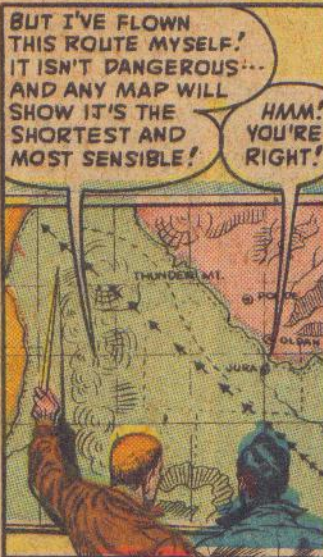




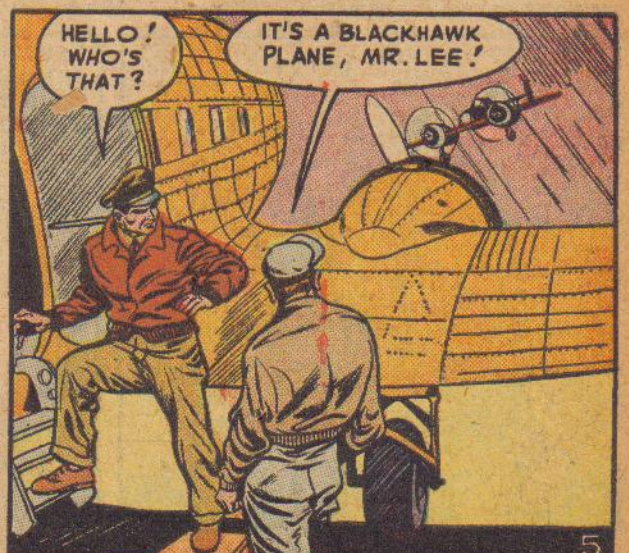
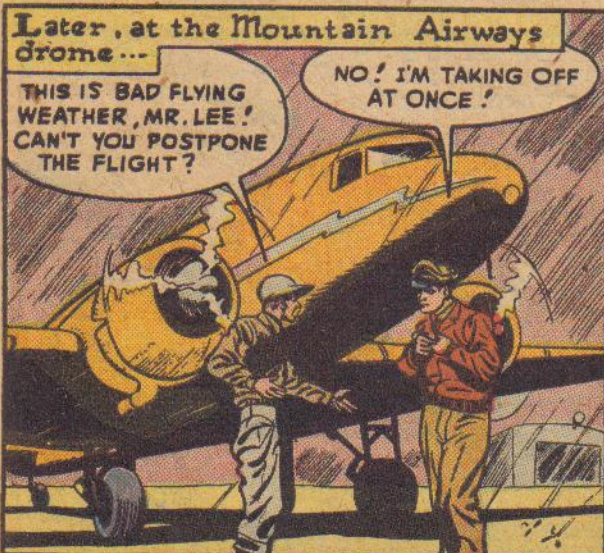
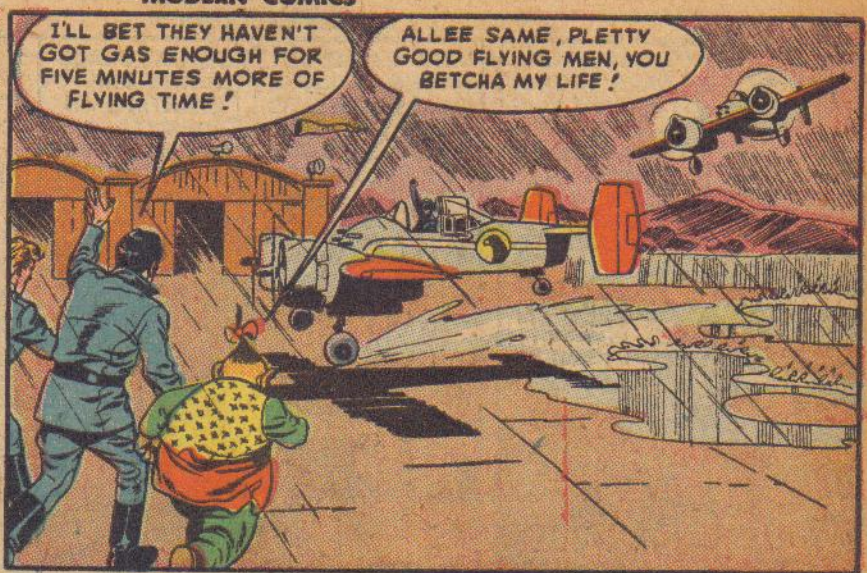




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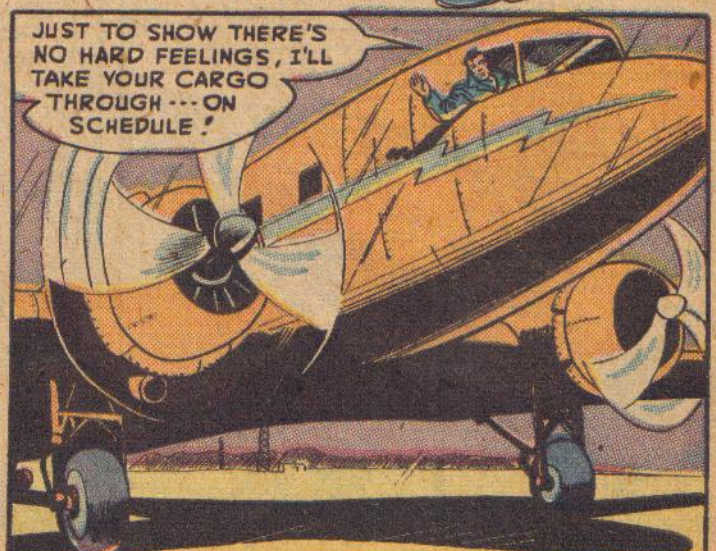
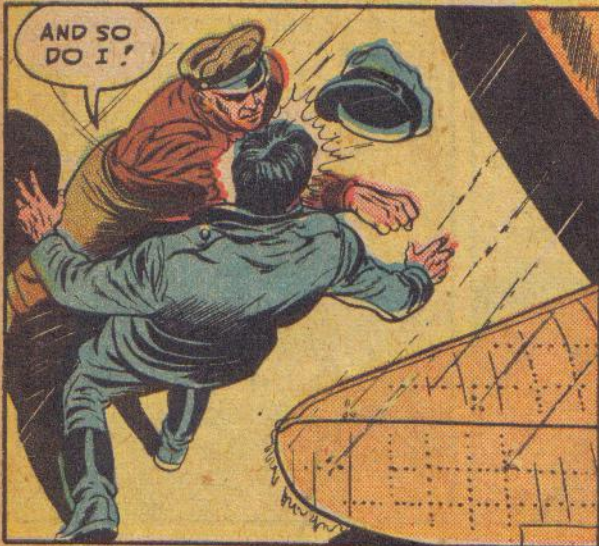








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**A few miles from Thunder Mountain..**

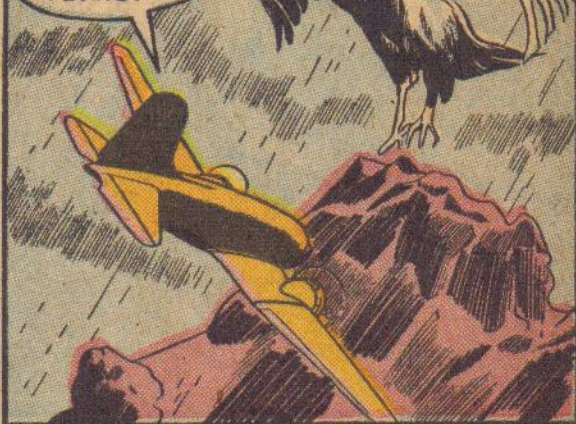
ROUGH GOING IN THIS STORM! BUT THERE'S STILL NO SIGN OF THE THUNDER BIRD!



IT'S GOT TO BE A TRICK OF LIGHT REFRACTION! PERHAPS THE LIGHTNING AGAINST A MASSED BANK OF CLOUD MIGHT.... **GOOD GLORY!**



THERE HE IS! AND **THAT'S** NO OPTICAL ILLUSION! HE'S REALLY FLYING!

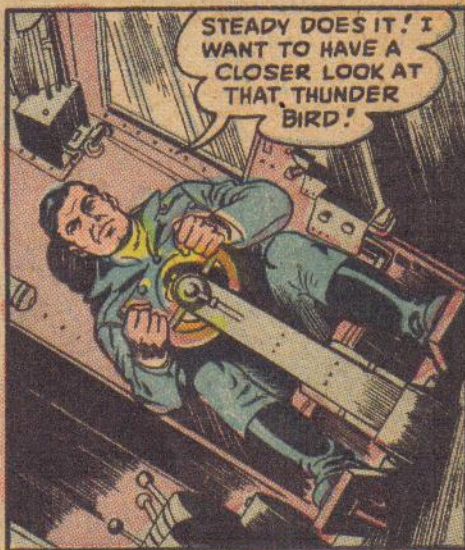


**Even Blackhawk's nerves are shaken by the sight! But he recovers in time to avert disaster!**

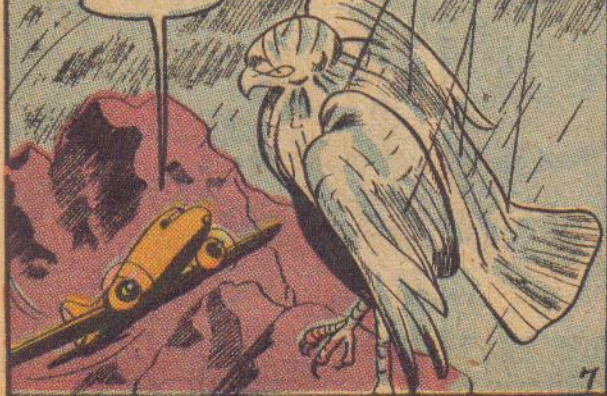
WH-EW! I NEARLY SCRAPED A SHAVING OFF THAT ROCK LEDGE!



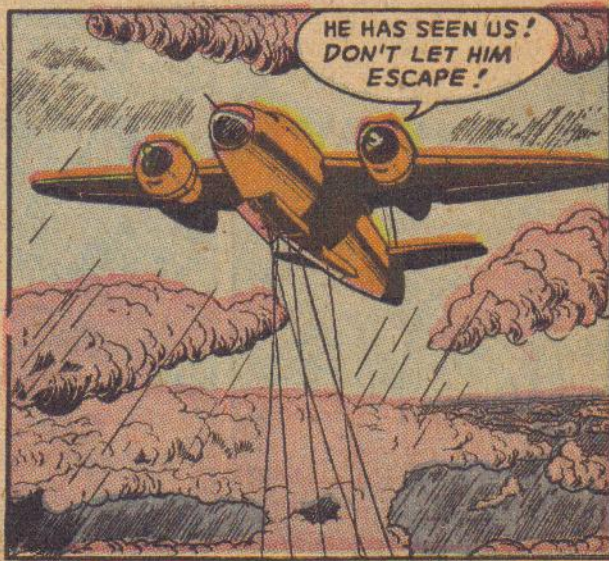
STEADY DOES IT! I WANT TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT THUNDER BIRD!



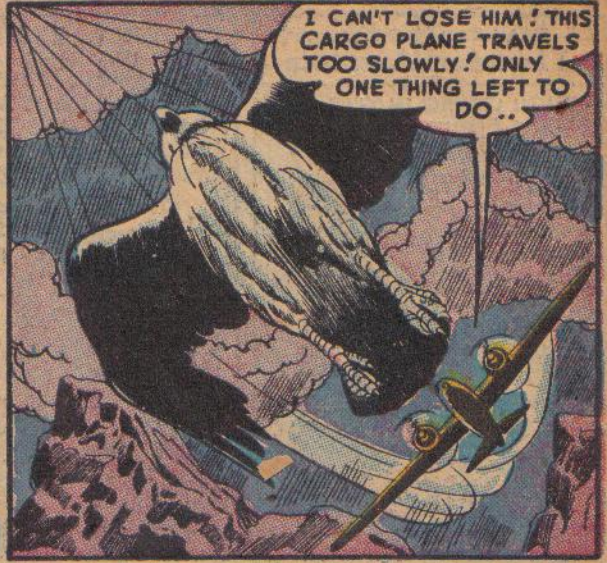
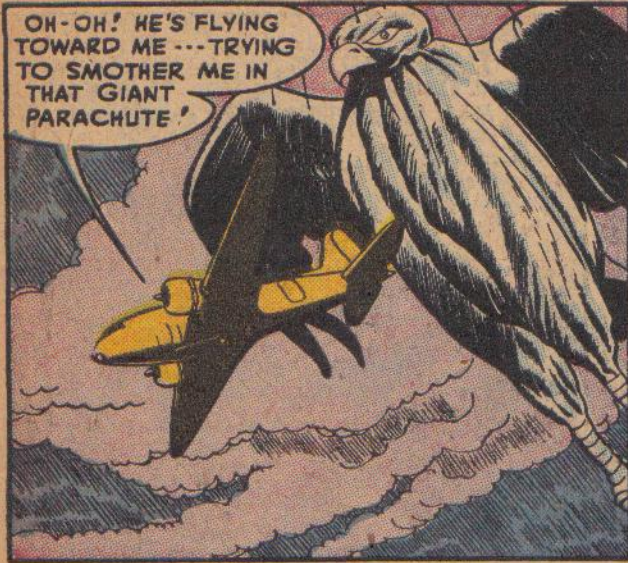
SO THAT'S THE ANSWER! THE THUNDER BIRD IS NOTHING BUT... **A HUGE PARACHUTE!** AND IT'S SUSPENDED FROM A PLANE!



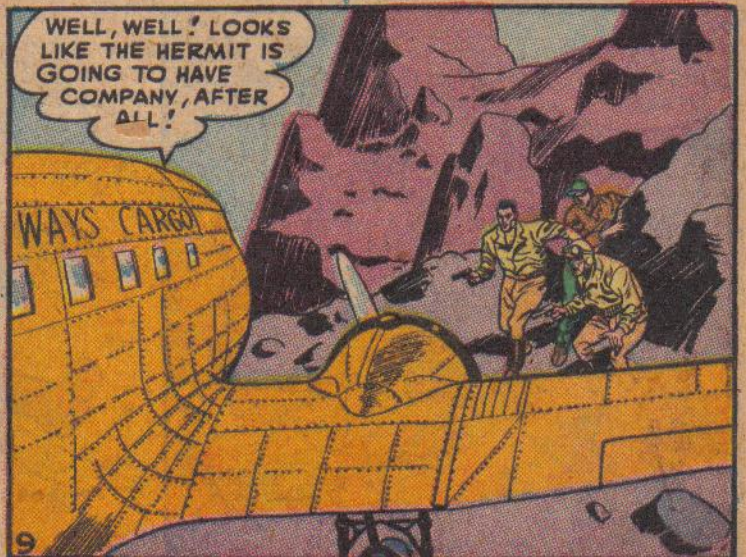
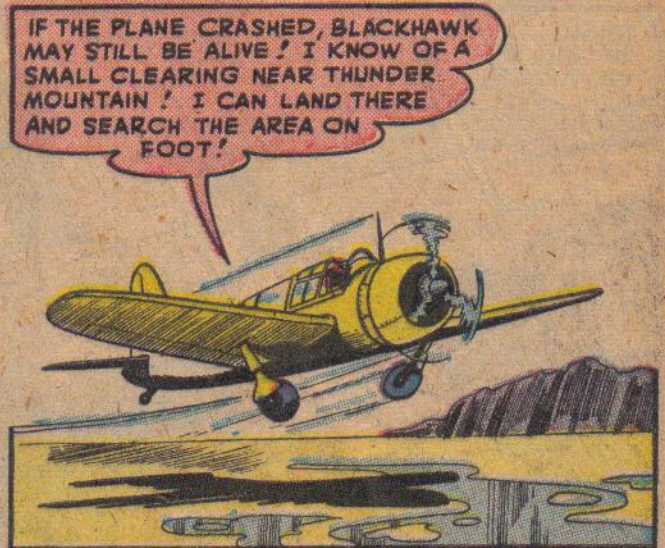
HE HAS SEEN US! **DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!**



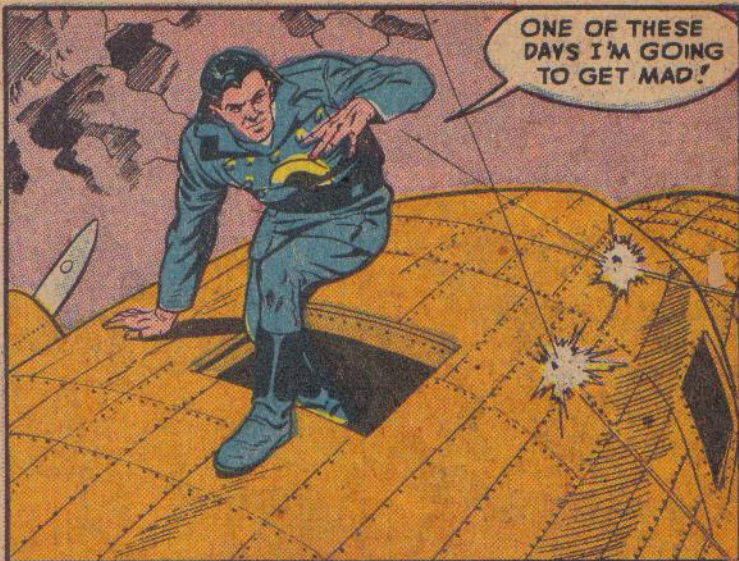
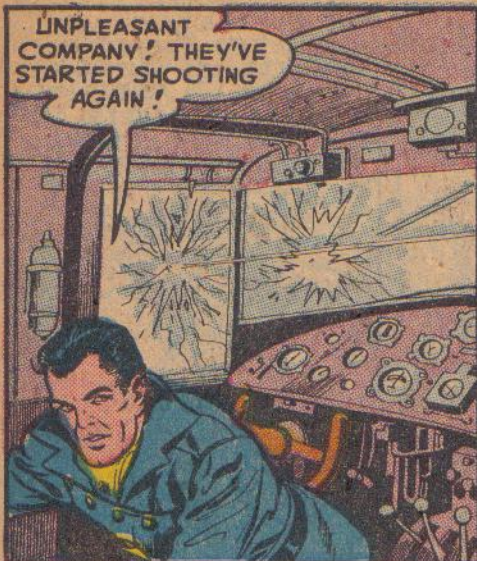




















**Meanwhile, on Blackhawk Island...**

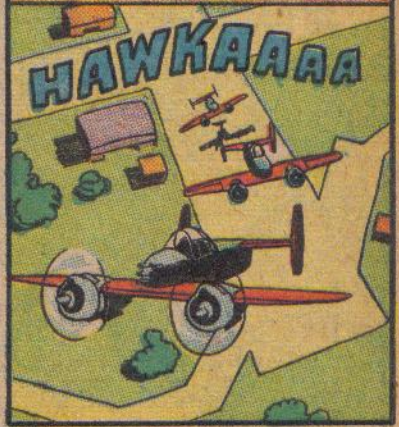
YOU SAY BLACKHAWK TOOK OFF IN A CARGO PLANE LAST NIGHT---AND YOUR BOSS WENT AFTER HIM? NEITHER OF THEM HAS BEEN HEARD FROM!



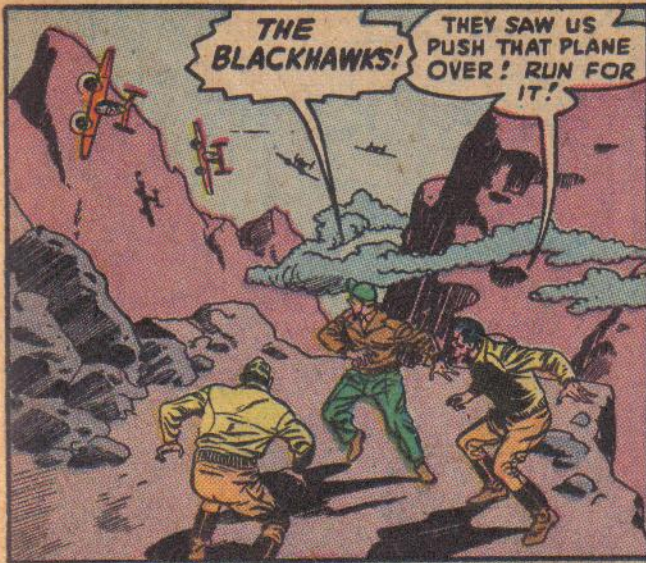
I JUST TALKED TO MOUNTAIN TRANSPORT! BLACKHAWK'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE NEAR THUNDER MOUNTAIN!



The battle cry of the Blackhawks rings defiance as their planes zoom aloft...





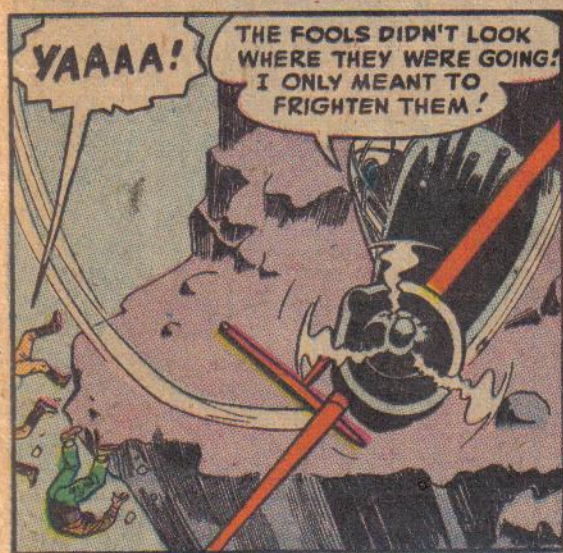


THE BLACKHAWKS!

THEY SAW US  
PUSH THAT PLANE  
OVER! RUN FOR  
IT!

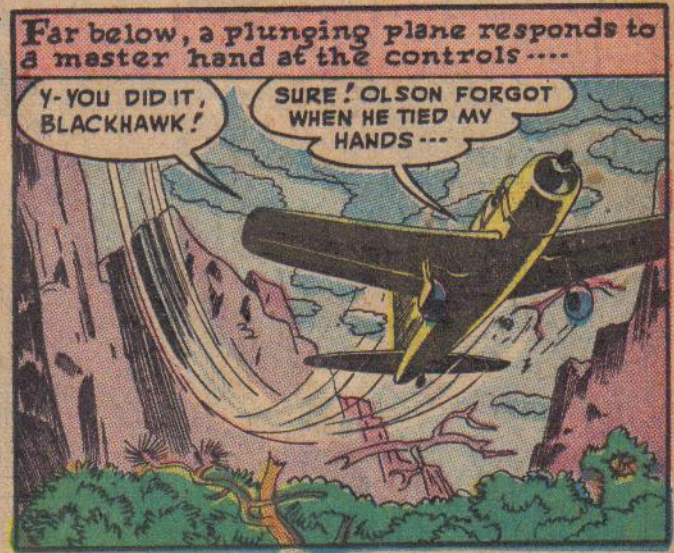


EEEEH!  
THEY'RE  
COMING  
AFTER US!



YAAAA!

THE FOOLS DIDN'T LOOK  
WHERE THEY WERE GOING!  
I ONLY MEANT TO  
FRIGHTEN THEM!



Far below, a plunging plane responds to  
a master hand at the controls....

Y-YOU DID IT,  
BLACKHAWK!

SURE! OLSON FORGOT  
WHEN HE TIED MY  
HANDS---



--- THAT I COULD FLY A  
PLANE WITH THE JOYSTICK  
BETWEEN MY KNEES! IT'S  
AN OLD FIGHTER PILOT'S  
TRICK!



Later....

OLSEN WAS THE  
SECRET OWNER OF  
THE PLANEWAY  
TRANSPORT COMPANY.  
THAT'S WHY HE TRIED  
TO DRIVE YOU OUT  
OF BUSINESS BY  
WITHDRAWING YOUR  
'INSURANCE'!

AND BY USING  
THAT THUNDER  
BIRD GAG  
TO FRIGHTEN  
MY PILOTS  
INTO  
CRASHING  
THE PLANES!  
IT NEARLY  
WORKED  
TOO!

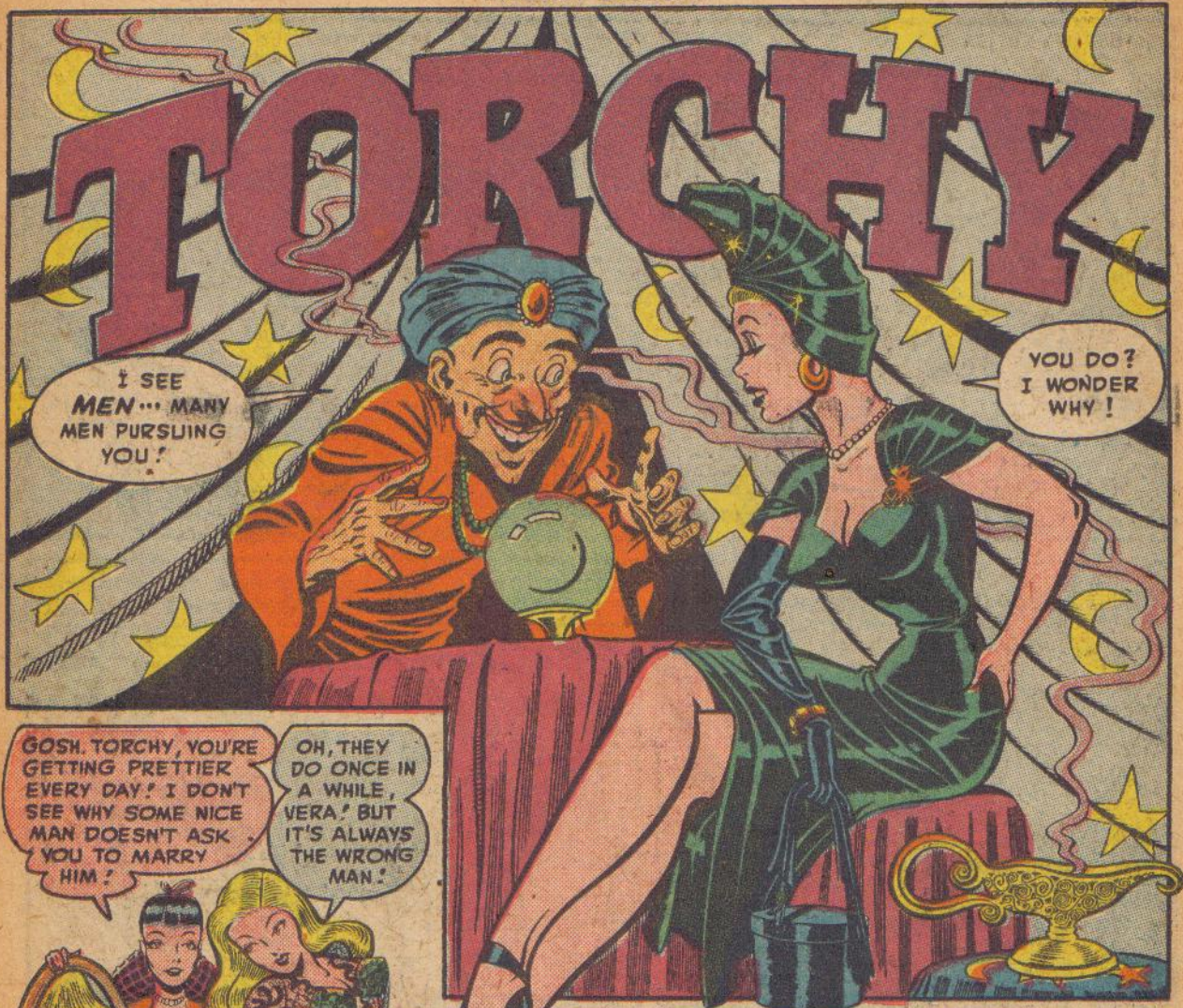


THE INSURANCE  
COMPANY MADE  
GOOD MY LOSSES!  
I OWE YOU A  
LOT, BLACKHAWK!  
HOW CAN I EVER  
REPAY YOU?

I'LL WIPE  
THE SLATE  
CLEAN,  
PROVIDED  
YOU'LL FOR-  
GET THAT  
SOCK ON THE  
JAW I GAVE  
YOU! I'M NOT IN  
GOOD ENOUGH  
SHAPE FOR YOU  
TO START RE-  
PAYING THAT!



# TORCHY

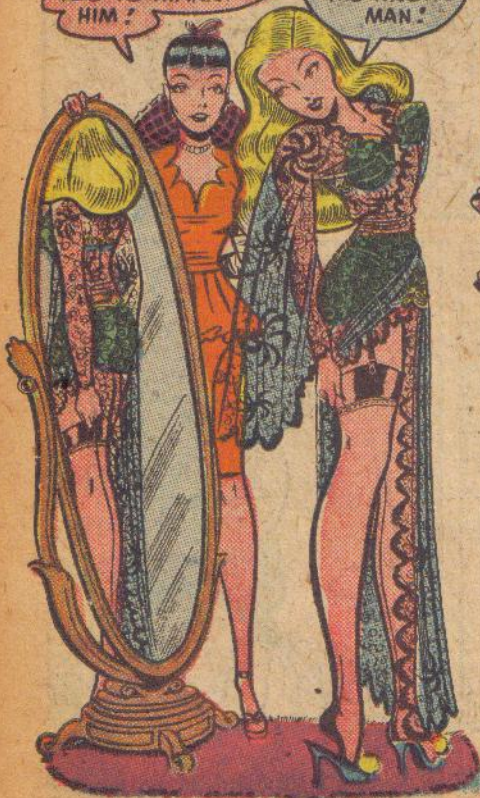


I SEE  
MEN... MANY  
MEN PURSUING  
YOU!

YOU DO?  
I WONDER  
WHY!

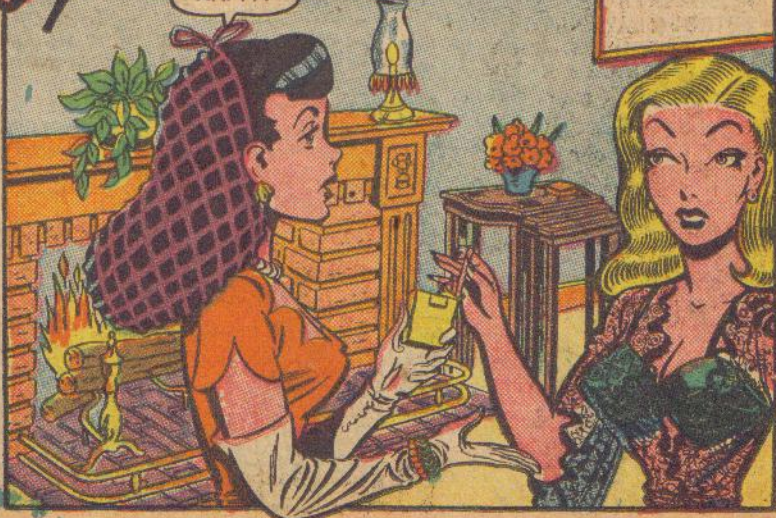
GOSH, TORCHY, YOU'RE  
GETTING PRETTIER  
EVERY DAY! I DON'T  
SEE WHY SOME NICE  
MAN DOESN'T ASK  
YOU TO MARRY  
HIM!

OH, THEY  
DO ONCE IN  
A WHILE,  
VERA, BUT  
IT'S ALWAYS  
THE WRONG  
MAN!

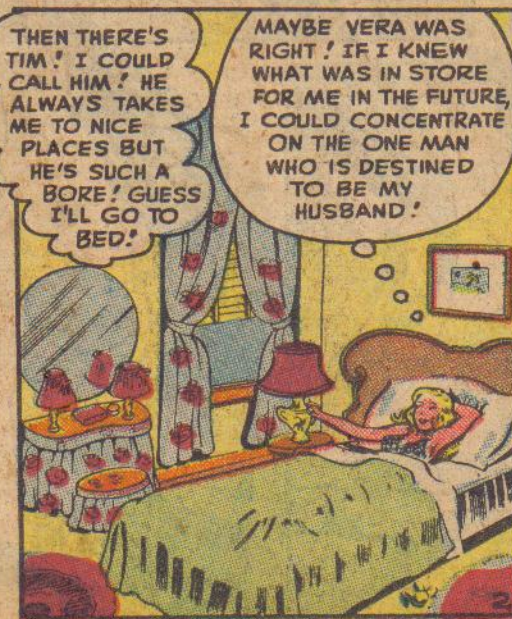
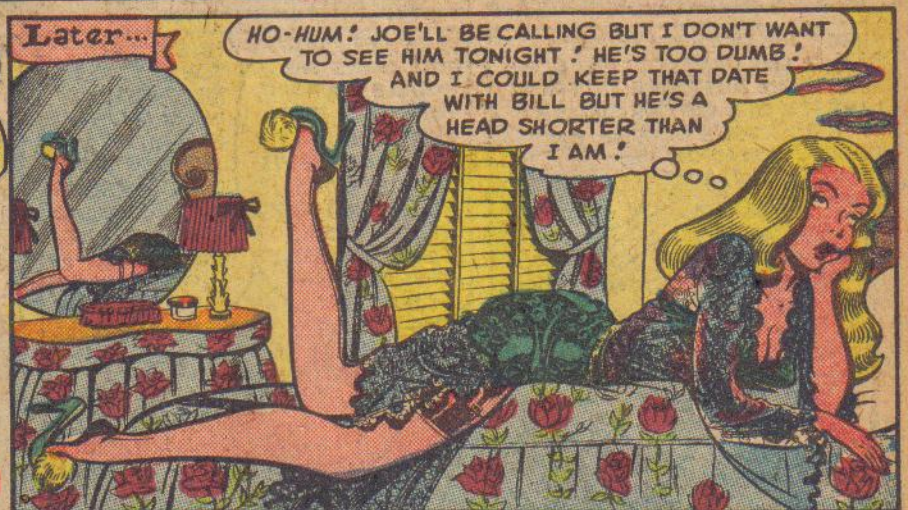
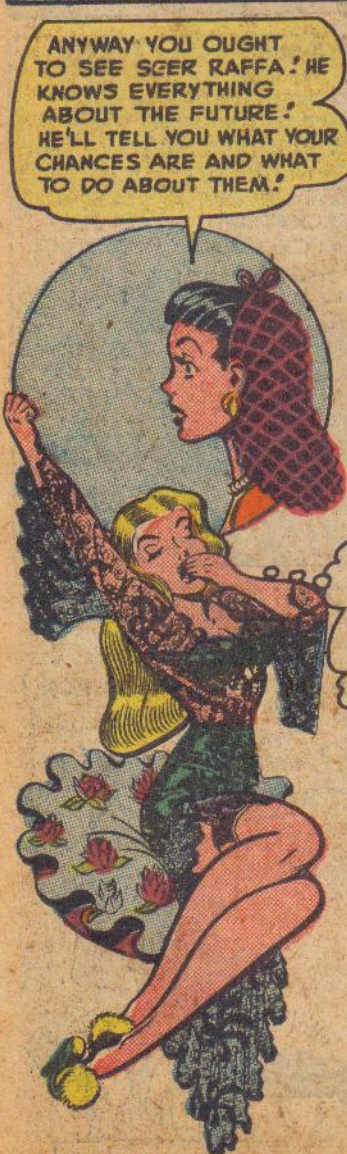


THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU  
DON'T TRY TO FIND OUT ANYTHING  
ABOUT THE FUTURE! NOW IF YOU  
WERE TO GO TO SEER  
RAFFA!

WHO'S  
HE?









MODERN COMICS

Next day at Seer Raffa's...

WHO? MISS TODD? OH...OH... YES, MISS TODD... BY ALL MEANS! YOU CAN HAVE AN APPOINTMENT THIS AFTERNOON!



JAKE! JAKE! WE'VE LANDED HER AT LAST! MISS TODD JUST CALLED!



HUH? MISS PAMELA TODD, THE HEIRESS?



SURE! THE DAME WE'VE BEEN TRYING LIKE CRAZY TO GET DOWN HERE! SHE MUST HAVE BITTEN AT LAST FOR ONE OF OUR SUCKER LETTERS! SHE'S COMING TO DAY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

OH, BOY, DO I?



LET'S SEE! THAT DOLL OWNS THE BOOZLE DIAMOND, THE RIPPLE RUBY AND THE NUTLEY NECKLACE! IF WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON THOSE, WE'RE GOOD FOR A QUARTER OF A MILLION BUCKS!



RIGHT! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! WORK SLOWLY! BE PATIENT! BUY HER THINGS, TAKE HER OUT A LOT! IT'LL BE WORTH IT, FOR THE CHANCE TO LIFT THAT STUFF!

AND SHE MUSTN'T KNOW THAT YOU TOOK THE STUFF! WE DON'T WANT TO RUN THE RISK OF HAVING TO GIVE UP THIS RACKET AND GO CROOKED!

LEAVE IT TO ME, SEER! WHEN I TAKE THAT ICE, SHE'LL SUSPECT EVERYBODY BUT ME!



Meanwhile....

I OUGHT TO WEAR SOME JEWELRY! MAYBE IF I LOOK LIKE I'M USED TO EXPENSIVE THINGS, THE FORTUNE TELLER WILL PREDICT A MILLIONAIRE!



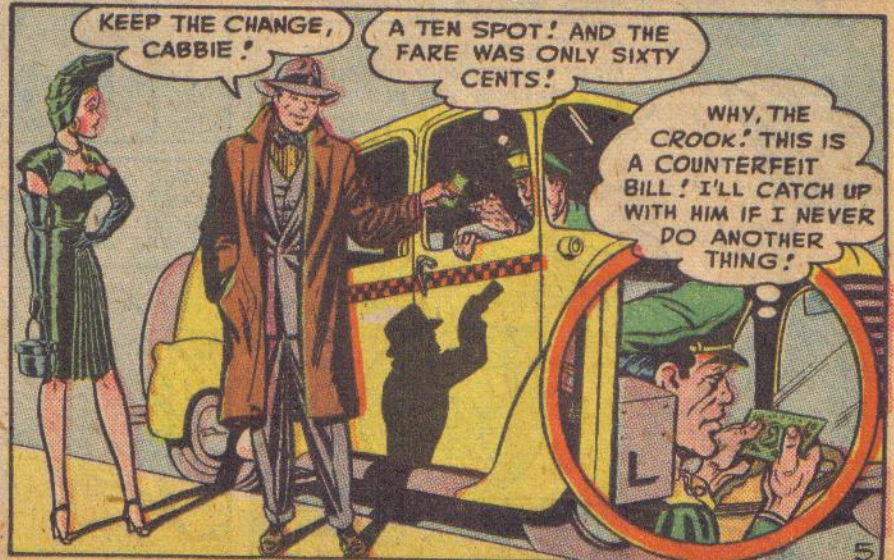
I'LL WEAR THIS TEN DOLLAR IMITATION DIAMOND RING, THE FIVE DOLLAR IMITATION RUBY PIN AND THE TWELVE DOLLAR IMITATION PEARL NECKLACE!













Several days later....

I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO ACCEPT ALL THESE THINGS! BUT CONWAY DID SAY HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME TONIGHT! IF IT'S A PROPOSAL, I GUESS IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT TO KEEP THEM!



THAT'S THE GUY! I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AT LAST! I'LL GET A COP!



I'VE GOT TO GET THE ICE TODAY! RAFFA'S INVESTED SEVEN GRAND IN THIS DEAL ALREADY!

THE STUFF I BOUGHT HER IS ALL OVER THE PLACE! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHERE SHE KEEPS THOSE THREE VALUABLE PIECES OF JEWELRY!

MY DEAR PAMELA! YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE JEWELRY LYING AROUND LIKE THIS! LET ME PUT IT AWAY FOR YOU!



JUST DROP THEM IN THE BOX IN THAT TOP DRAWER! AND, CONWAY, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS CALL ME PAMELA?

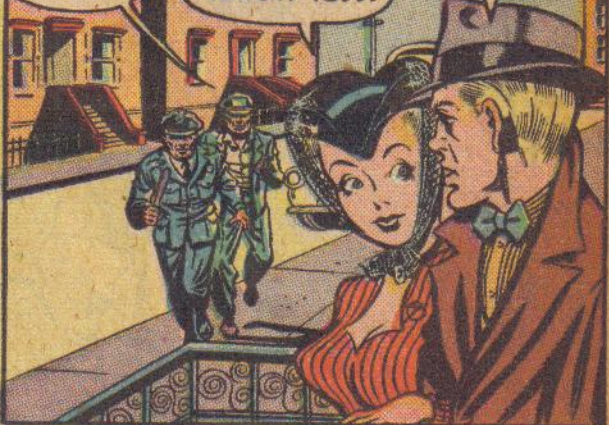
IT? YOU'VE PROBABLY GOTTEN USED TO SOME NICK-NAME AND DON'T LIKE PAMELA! LET'S GO TO DINNER AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!



THAT'S HIM, OFFICER! HE GAVE ME THAT PHONY TEN!

BUT MY NAME NEVER WAS PAMELA! IT'S TORCHY --- TORCHY TODD!

HUH? AND YOU'RE NOT AN HEIRESS? OHHHH!



JAKE JACKSON! I WONDERED WHAT YOU AND RAFFA WERE DOING! A LITTLE LARCENY WITH COUNTERFEITING AS A SIDELINE, OBVIOUSLY!

DON'T INTERRUPT ME, COPPER! BUT PAMELA... I MEAN, TORCHY... WHAT ABOUT THE NECKLACE... THE RUBY PIN... THE DIAMOND RING?



IMITATIONS! WORTH TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS! AND IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT I DON'T EVEN LIKE BLONDE MEN!

IT'S SO UNFAIR!





MODERN COMICS

# DOGTAG





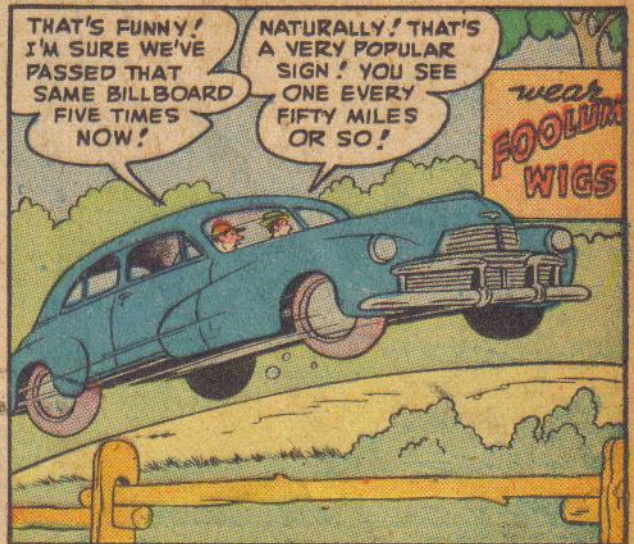
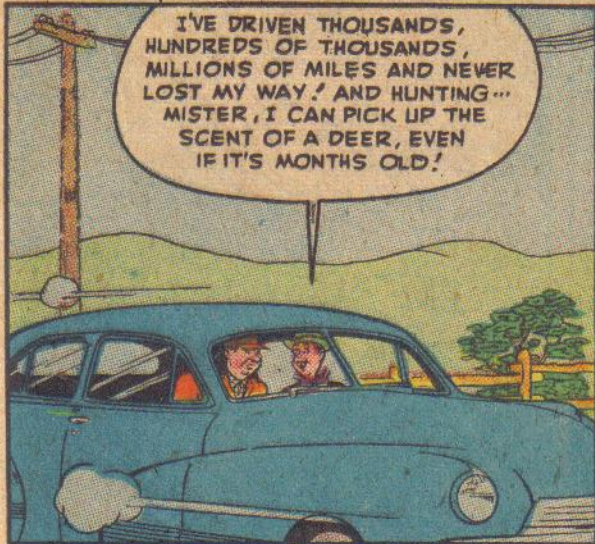
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# DOGTAG





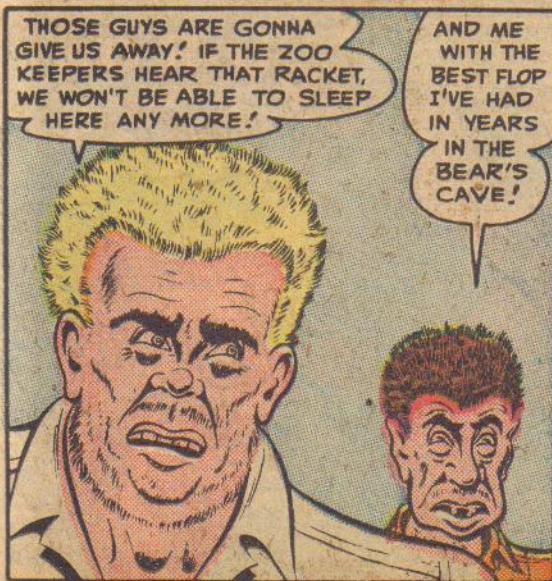
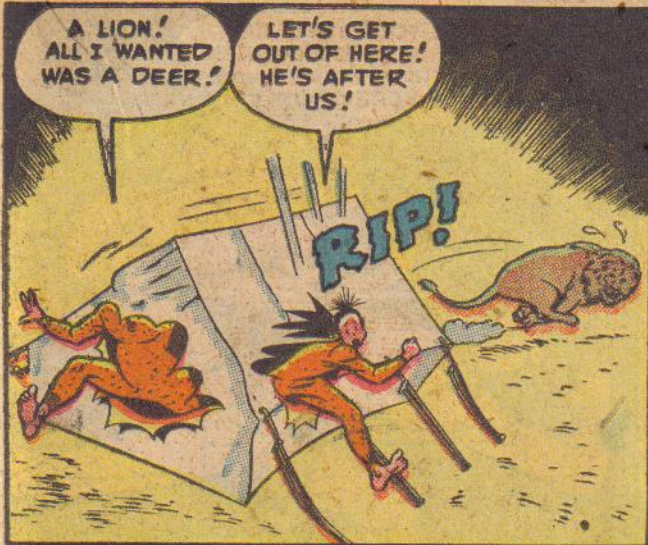
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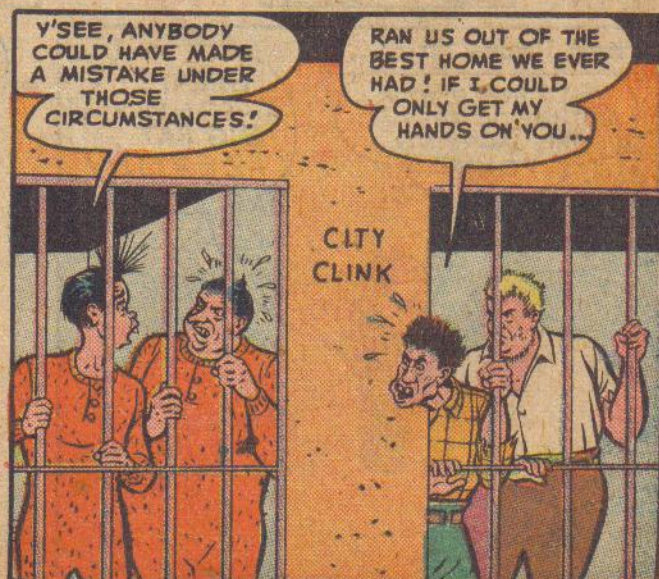






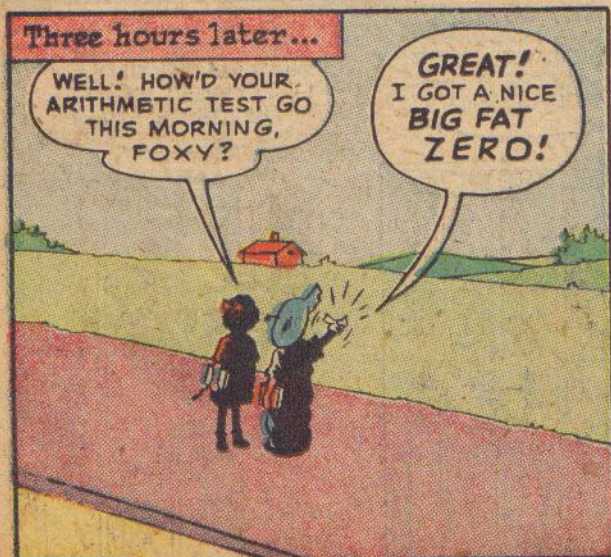
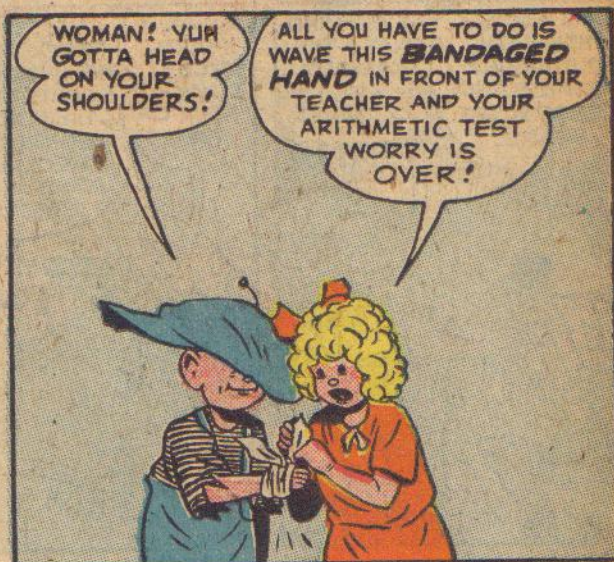
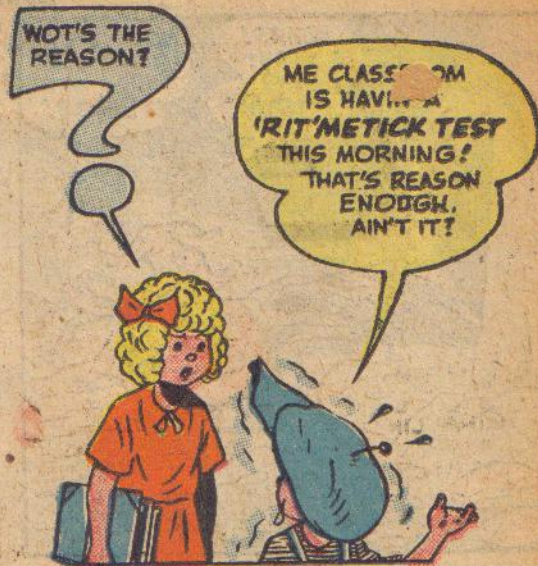
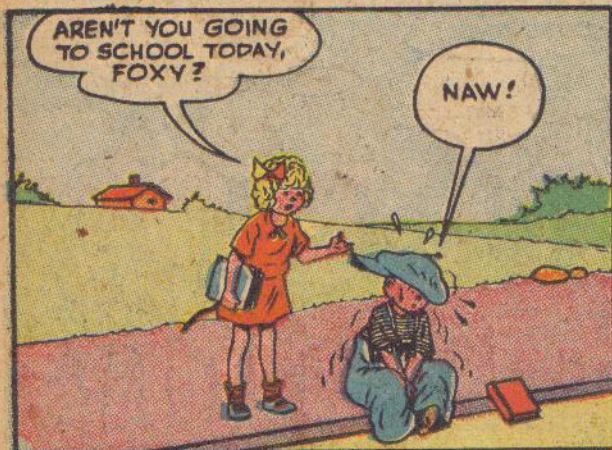






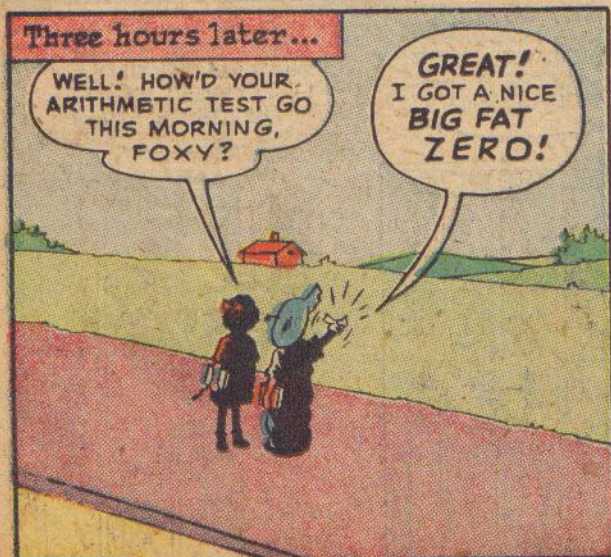
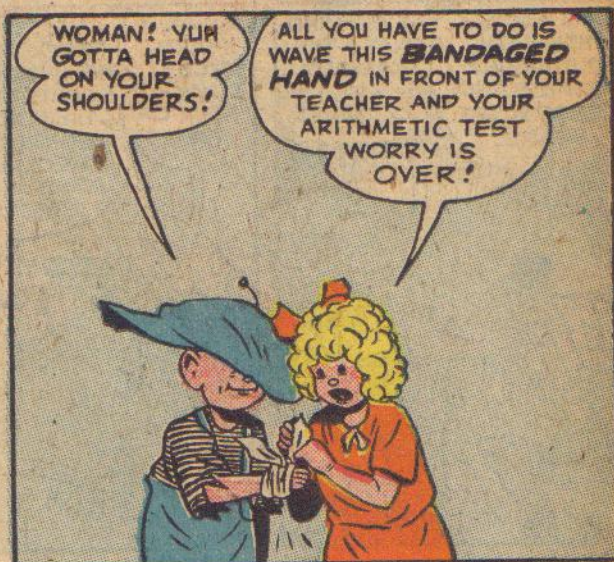
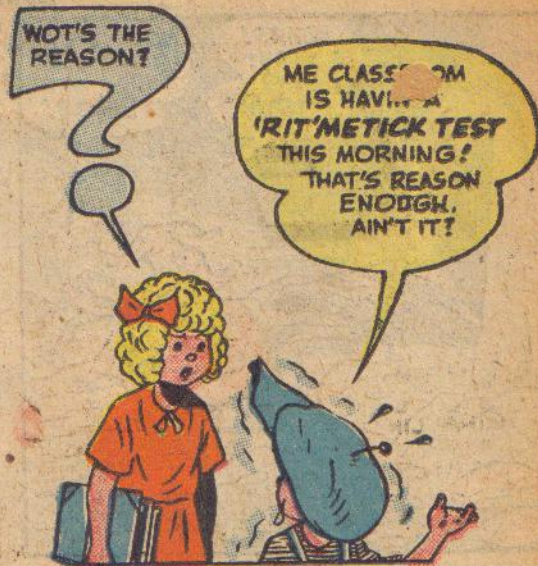
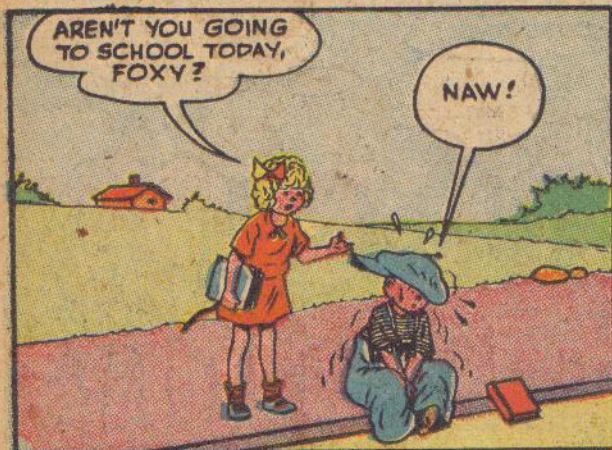


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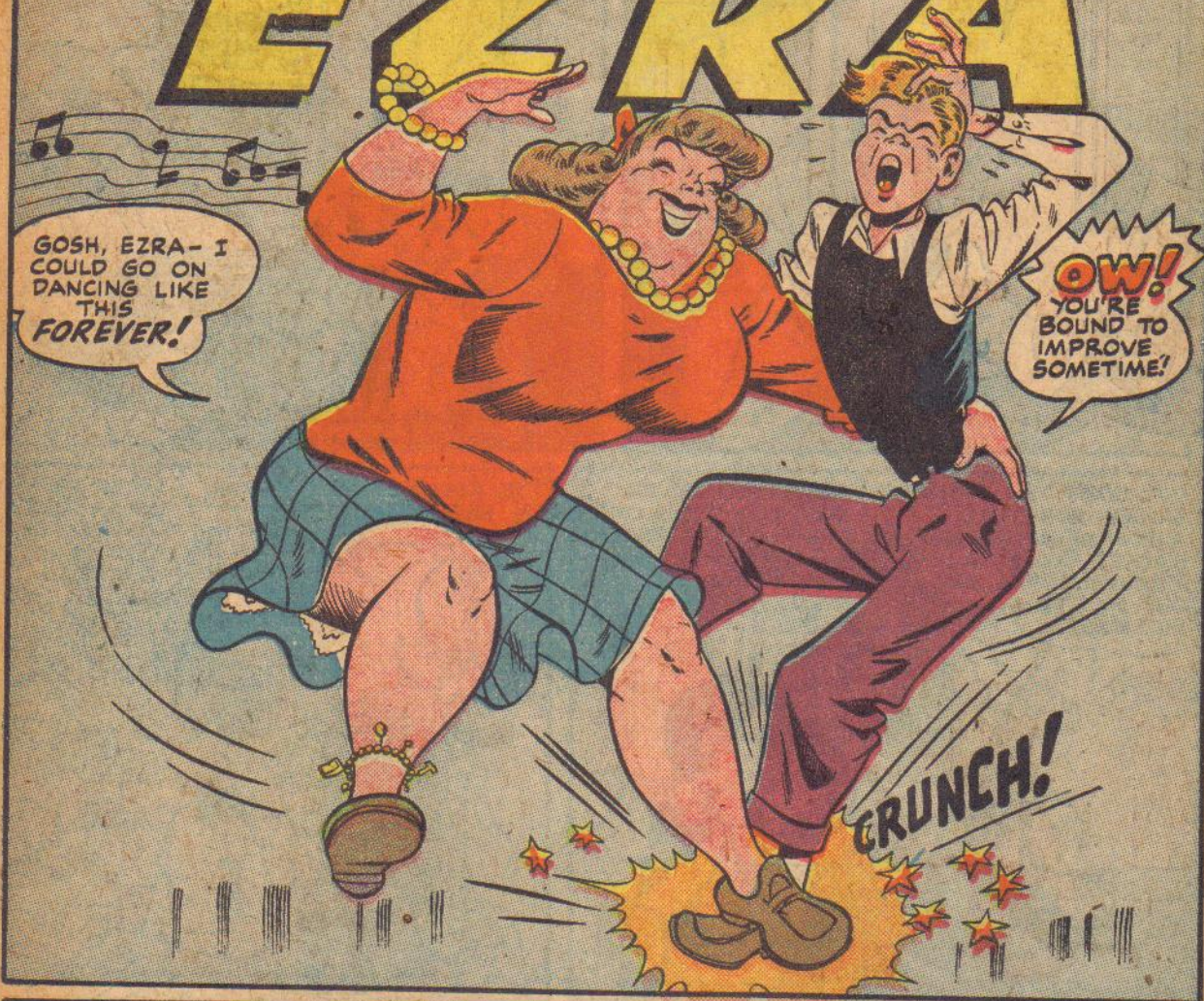


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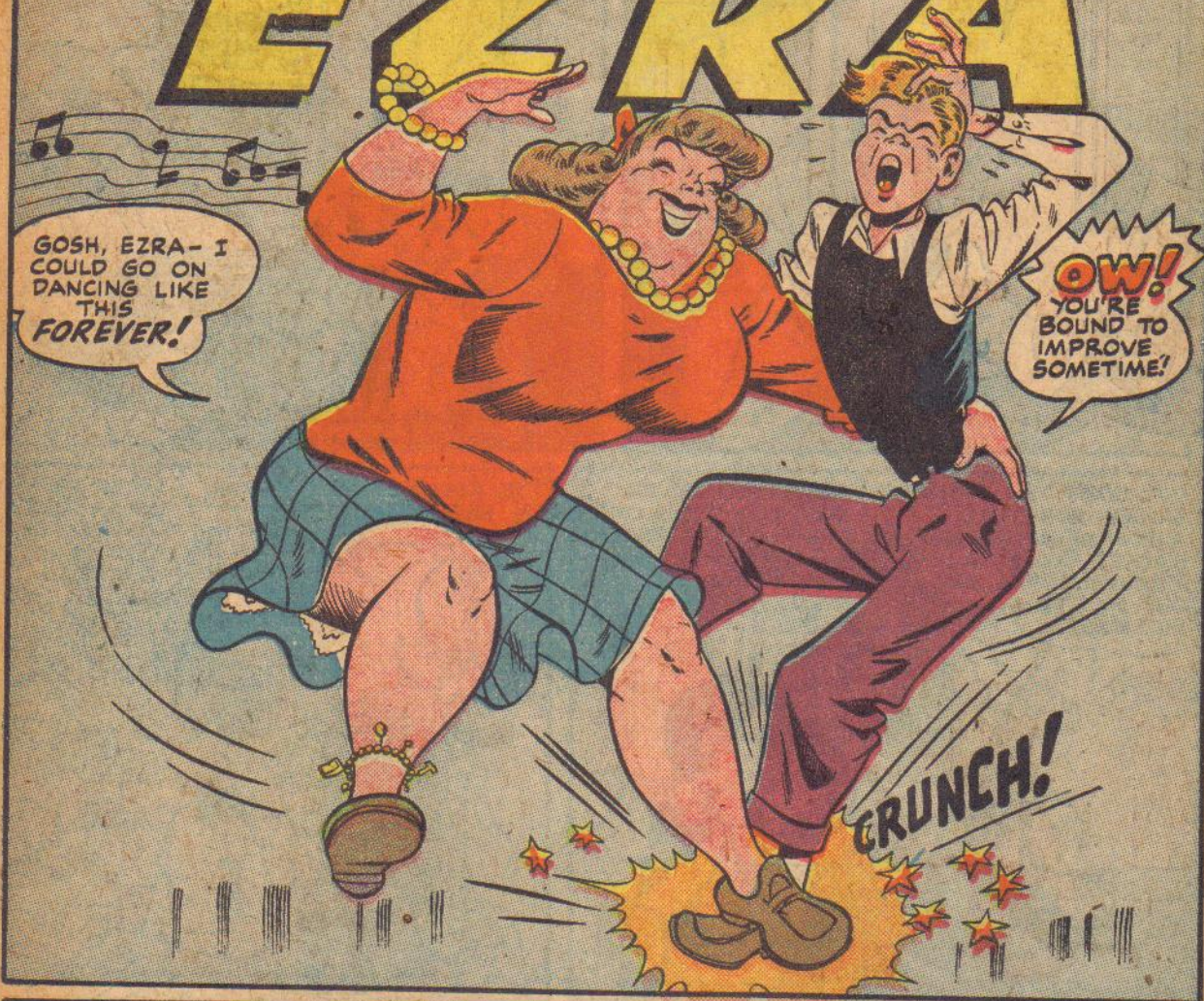


# EZRA

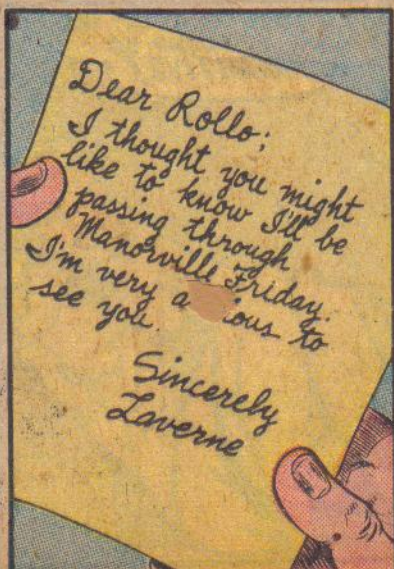
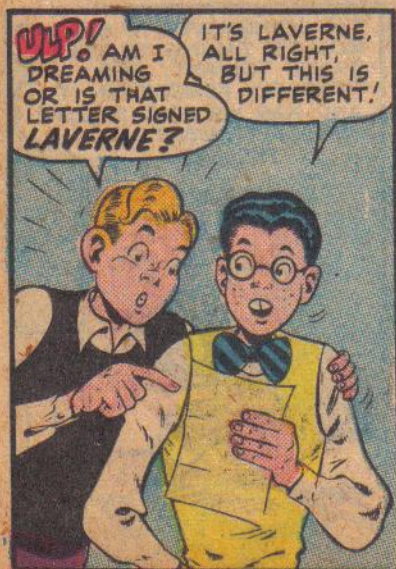
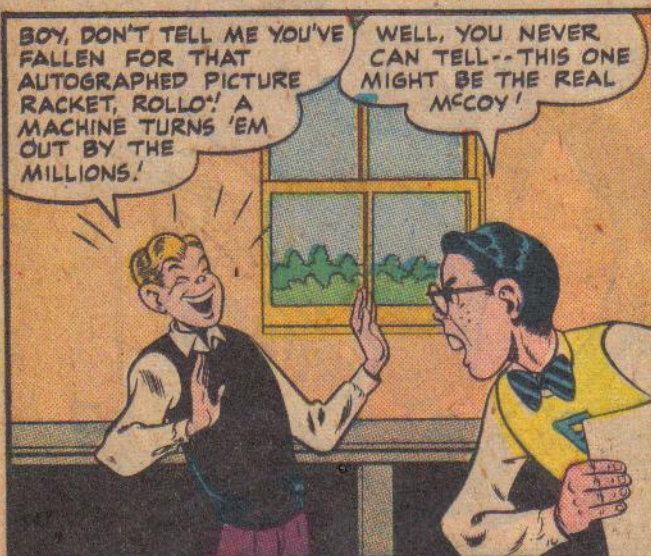
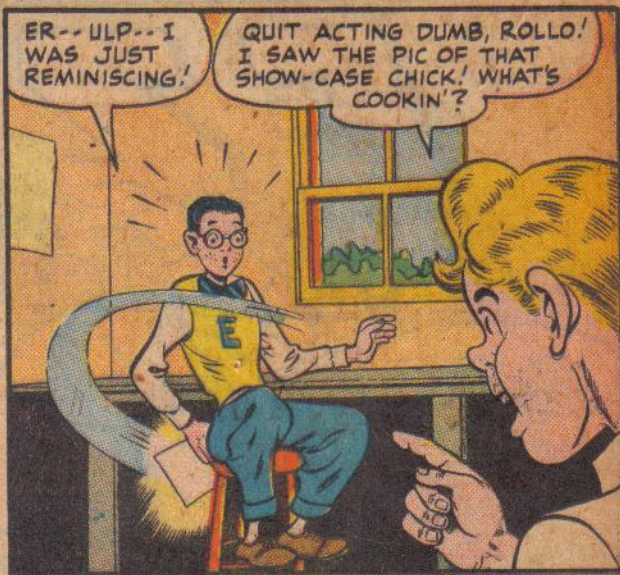




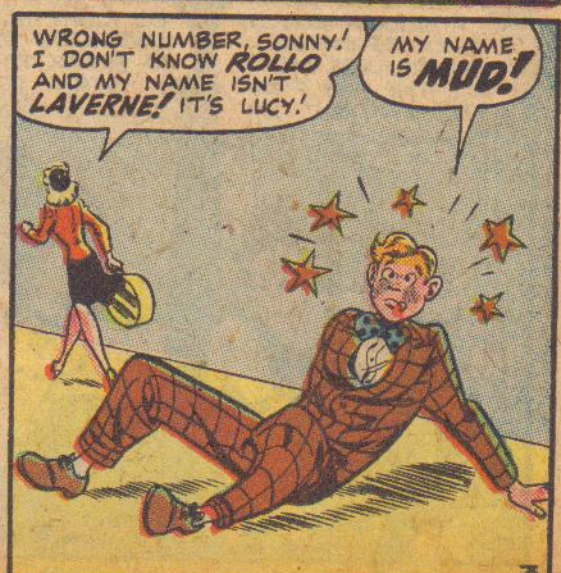
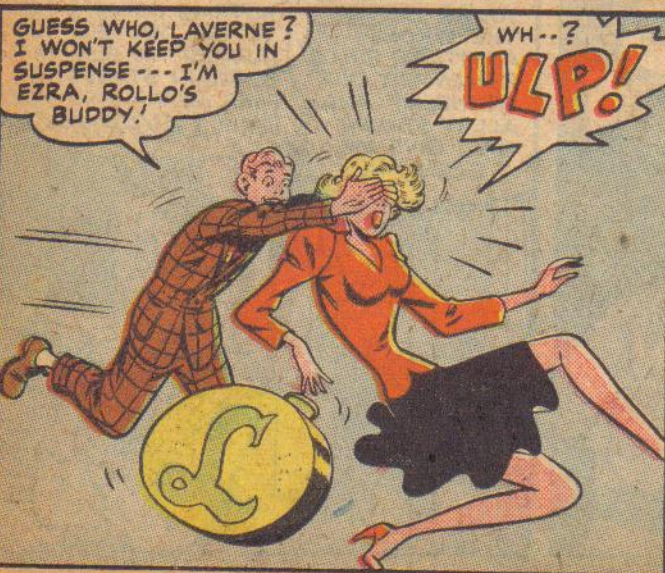
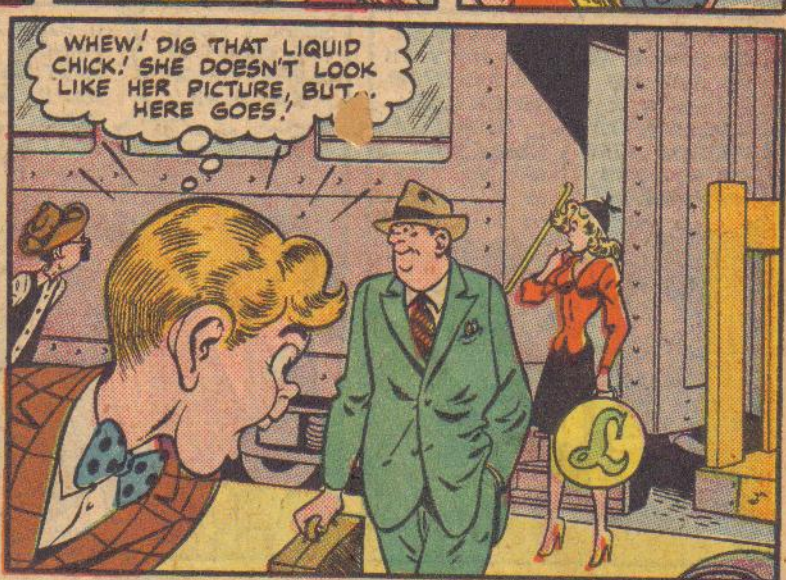
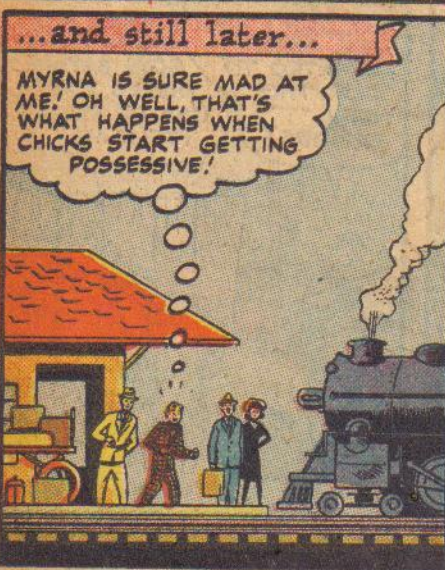
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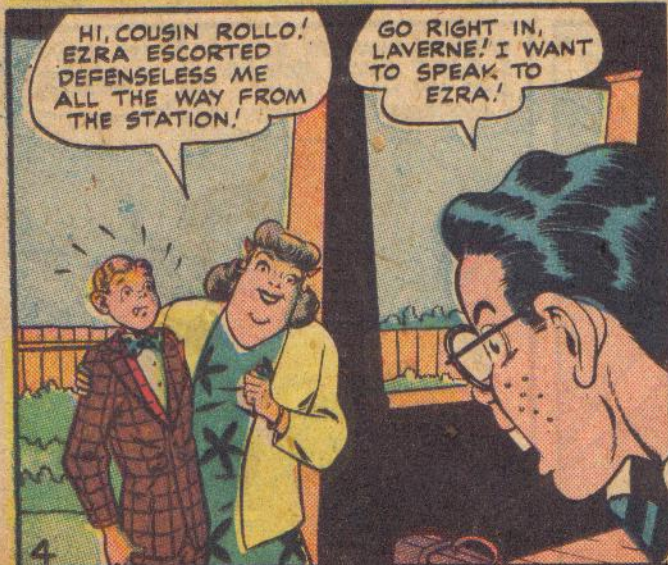
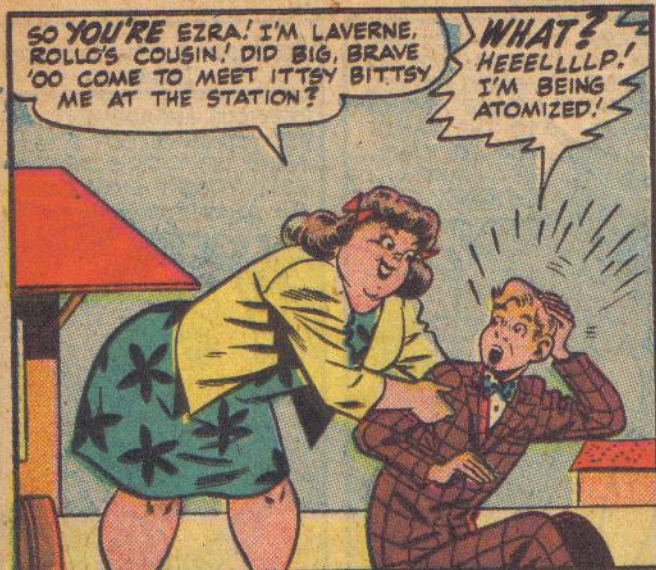








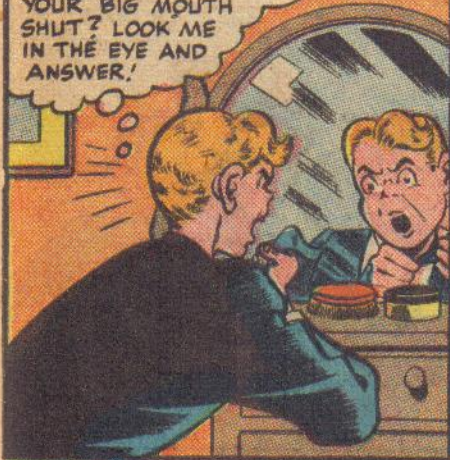






Evening...

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN TO KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT? LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND ANSWER!

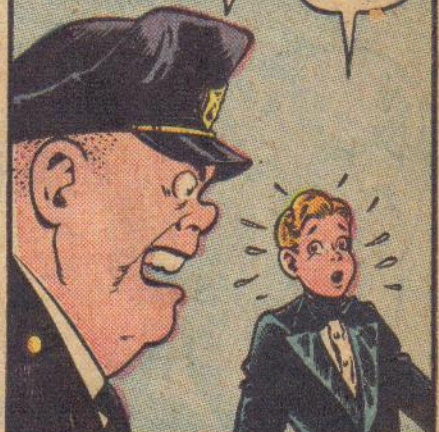


IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THE CLUB WITHOUT THE MENACE SEEING ME, I'LL BE OKAY!



HEY, YOU! GET OUT OF THEM SHADOWS AND WALK THE STREET LIKE A SELF-RESPECTING CITIZEN!

Y-YES, SIR!

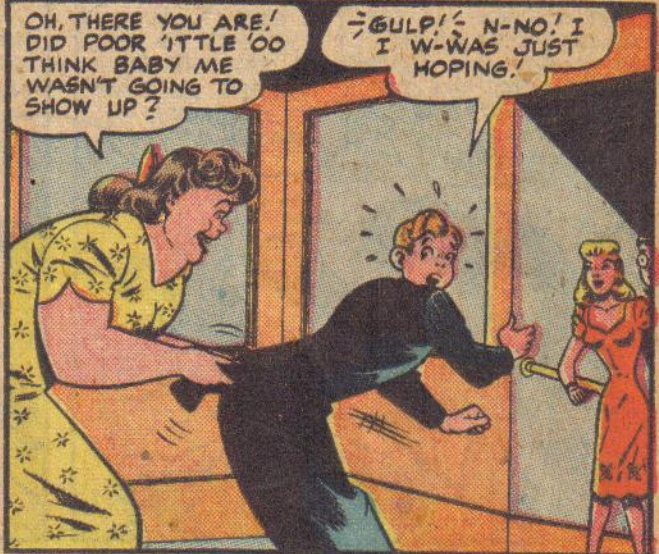


WHEN! SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO LOSE MYSELF IN THE CROWD!



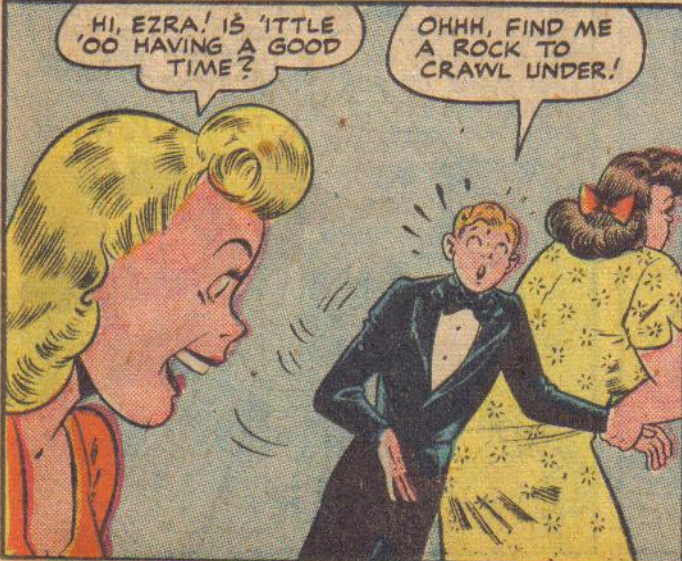
OH, THERE YOU ARE! DID POOR 'LITTLE 'OO THINK BABY ME WASN'T GOING TO SHOW UP?

GULP! N-NO! I I W-WAS JUST HOPING!



HI, EZRA! IS 'LITTLE 'OO HAVING A GOOD TIME?

OH, FIND ME A ROCK TO CRAWL UNDER!



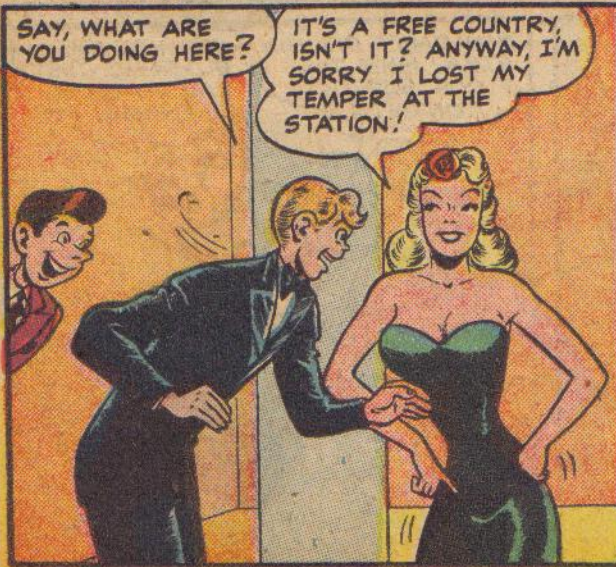
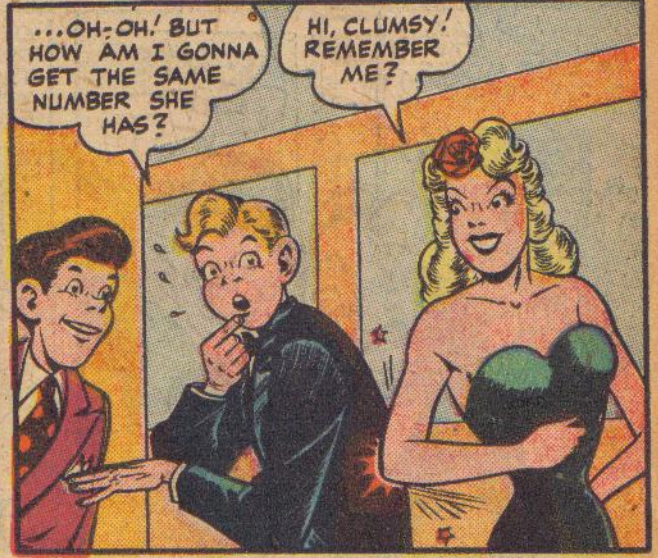
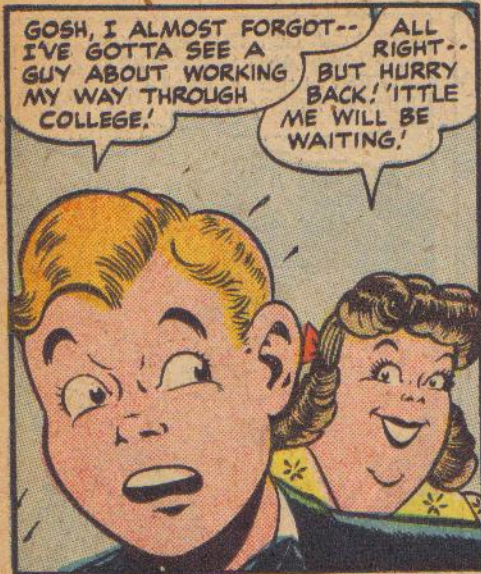
YOU DANCE DIVINELY, EZRA! ISN'T THE FLOOR SLIPPERY TONIGHT?

IT'S NOT THE FLOOR--I JUST HAD MY SHOES SHINED!



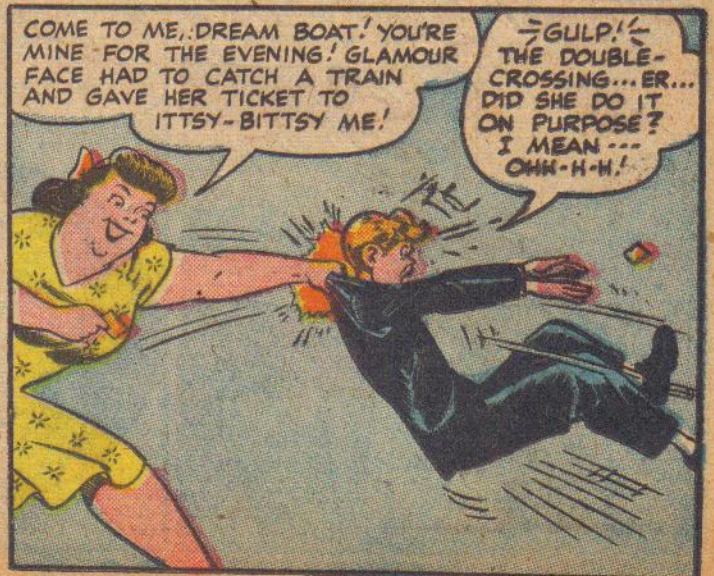
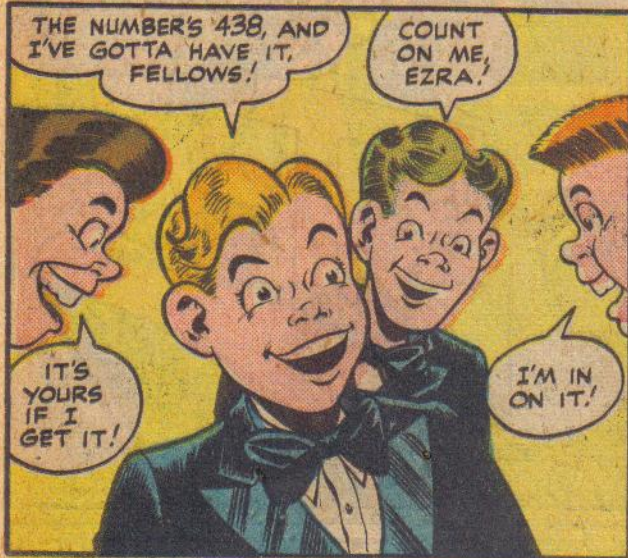


MODERN COMICS

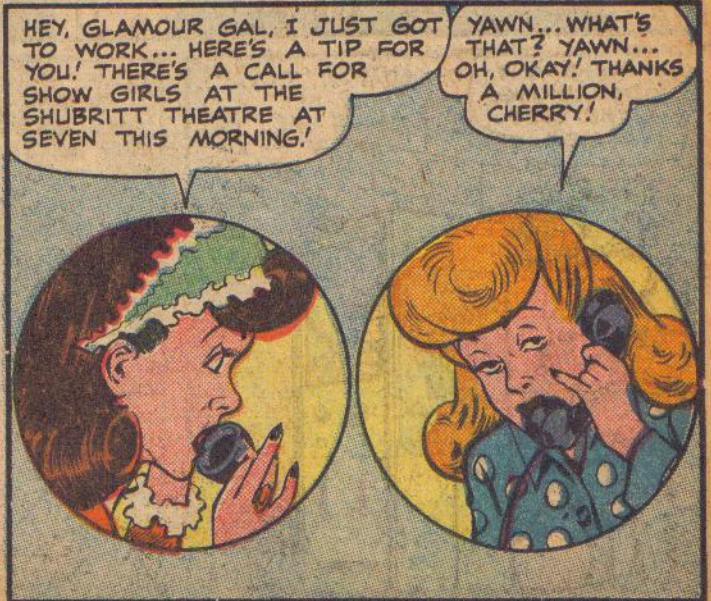
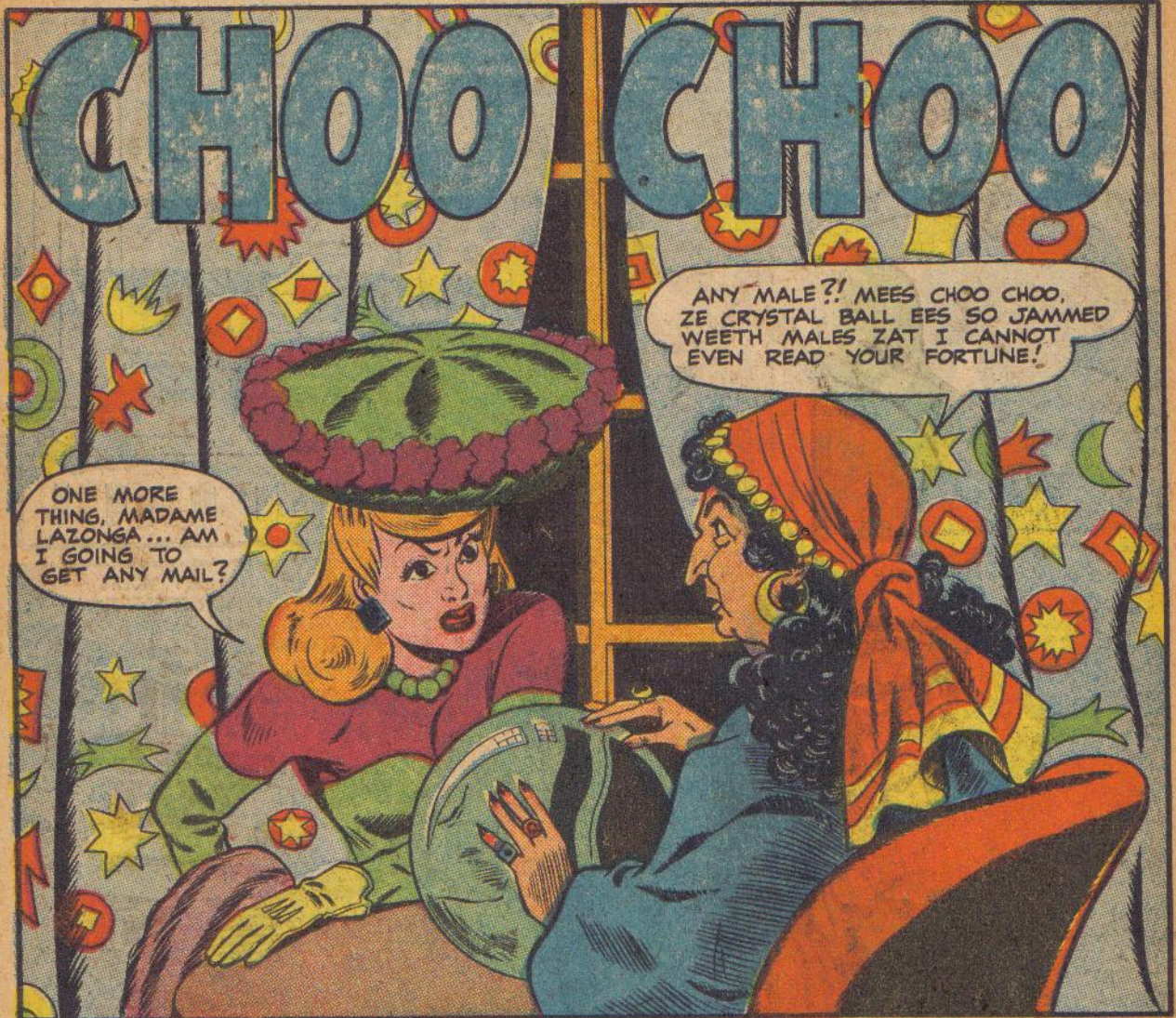




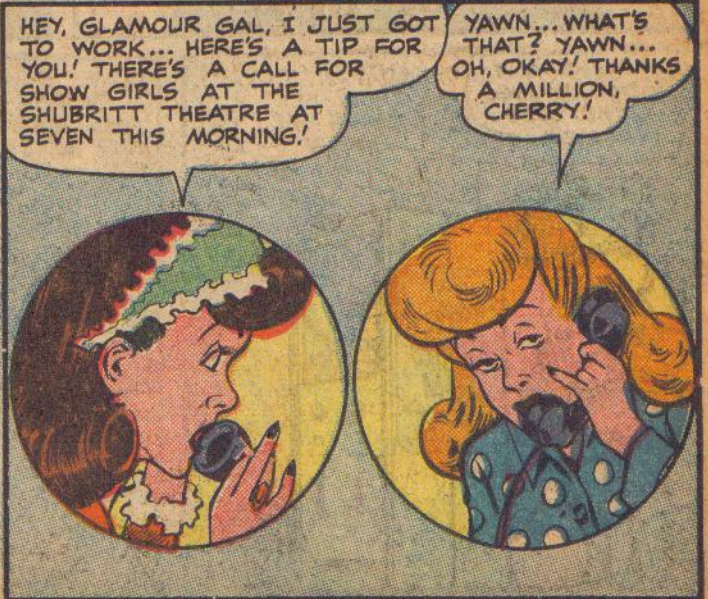
MODERN COMICS



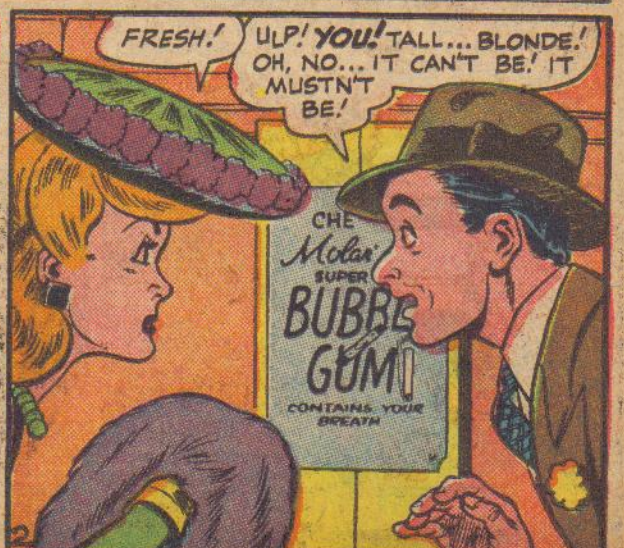








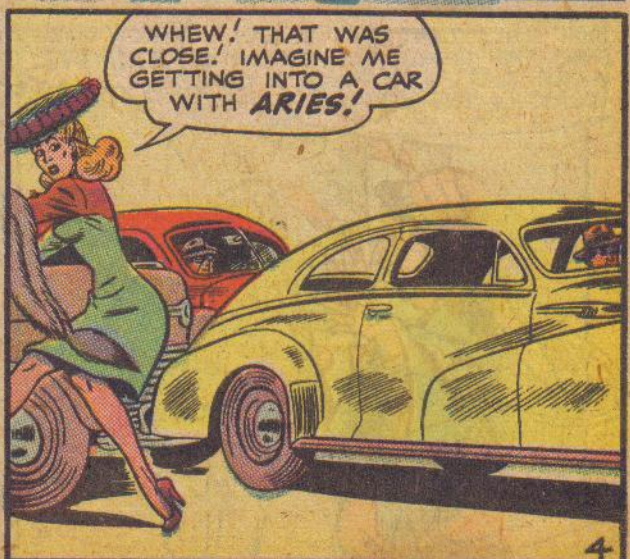
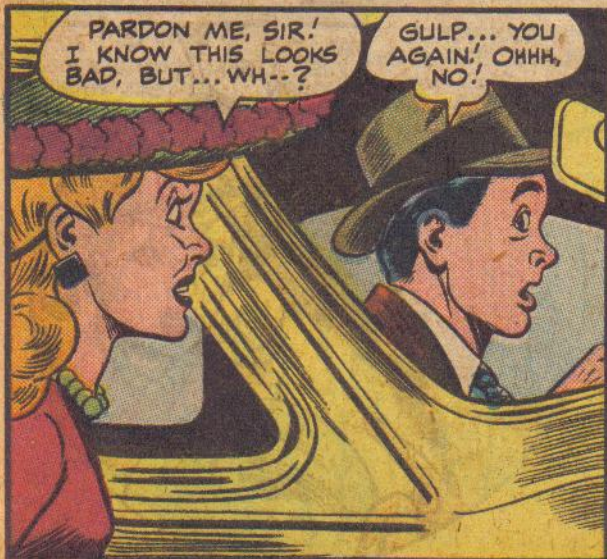
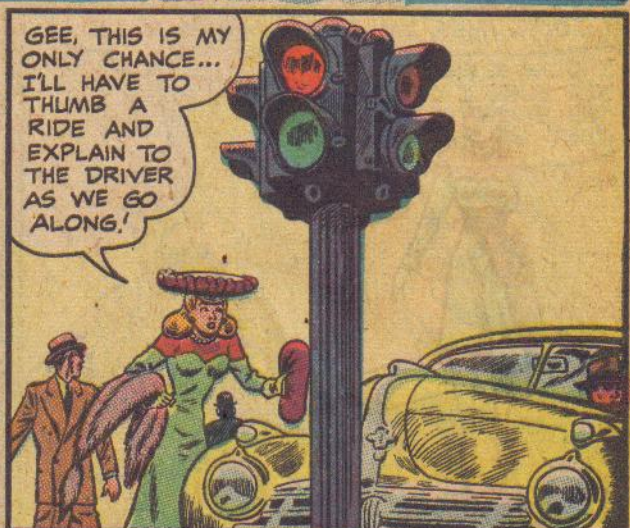
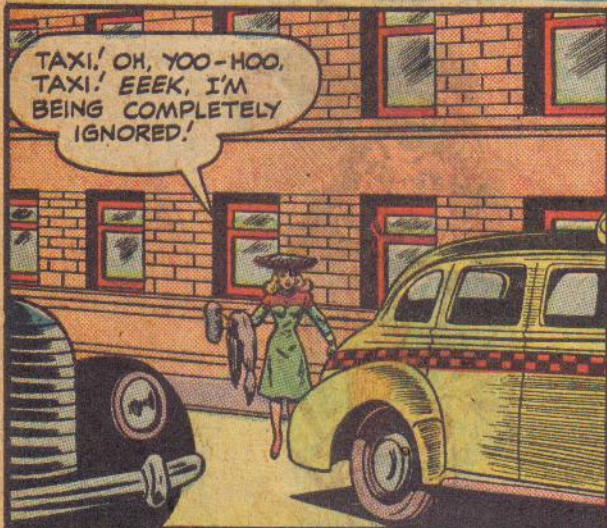




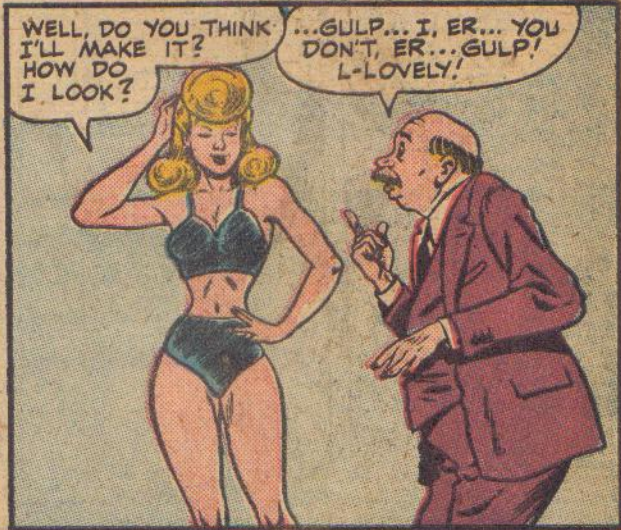




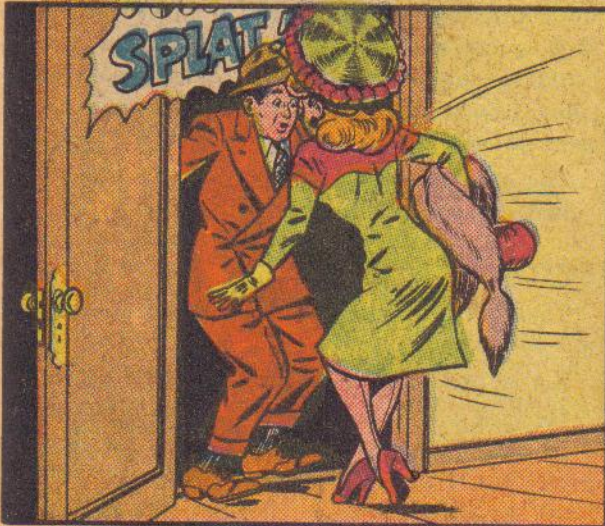














# SALTY DOUBLE CROSS

FROM where they stood, high on the Nile bluffs, they could see the caravan of Oberth moving along the valley floor like a monstrous serpent. Sometimes it would vanish for a moment under the shimmering heat waves of Egypt's blazing sun; then it would reappear, clear and distinct in the bright light.

"Very disconcerting," said Capt. Hartzell, who headed up our own party. "But you stay in Egypt long enough and you get used to the little deceptions of light."

"And people," added Dick Merrick wryly.

"Yes, and people," agreed Hartzell. "But for all that, who can blame Oberth? He thinks he has just as much right to the Osiris as we have."

Which was an incontrovertible fact. Not that we didn't have some such prior claim to the Osiris. Capt. Hartzell's father, Prof. Charles Hartzell of the College of Cairo, had actually discovered the Osiris in a hidden cavern of the Lower Nile.

The fact that Prof. Hartzell hadn't ransacked the cavern long ere this was solely due to the war.

Now the war was over. And it would seem that Osiris would fall to the first man on the spot. Oberth, the German scientist, had got wind of Hartzell's find long before the war's end, and he had made up a party in advance of the professor.

"Thing I can't understand," said I, "is how Oberth got ahead of us. How did he know a shorter road to the caverns?"

Capt. Hartzell grinned. "Maybe it isn't a shorter road, Bob. Maybe it only looks shorter from where we're watching. Actually, we ourselves are not more than 100 miles from the cavern, as near as I can tell from the charts."

"Then let's be on our way!" I cried.

Capt. Hartzell lifted his hand and pointed. "Not so fast, Bob. What do you make of that?"

I looked where he was pointing. At first I could see nothing but the wavering line of

Oberth's caravan. Then I spotted a line of fast moving dots a few miles west of the caravan.

"Riders!" I exclaimed. "Who can they be?"

"If I'm not mistaken," replied Hartzell, "that will be old Ibn-Kan's raiding party. Maybe Oberth will be slowed down a bit."

We watched. The moving dots rapidly drew nearer the caravan. Occasional bright flashes told us they were waving their guns as they raced along the desert on their fleet Arab horses.

"Look!" said Hartzell.

The Caravan had drawn up and now they were fast closing in a circle. They had seen the raiders and were preparing for them. Soon we could see puffs of white and black smoke issuing from rifles on both sides. It was too far away to hear the reports.

The raiders dashed in a circle around the halted caravan, firing in much the same manner as American Indians attacking a wagon train.

Then abruptly another, larger band of Arabs was galloping across the sand. Help for Oberth?

Not at all. Reinforcements for Ibn Kan.

Hartzell watched the now one-sided battle for a moment, then he said, "We can't let those desert devils wipe Oberth out. Come on!"

He mounted his big roan horse and spurred him. We all followed. What was he up to?

We soon knew. Hartzell was riding to help his professional enemy, Klaus von Oberth!

It took us better than thirty minutes to reach the scene of the raging battle. When the Arabs saw us coming, fully one hundred strong, they gave way and dashed for the rolling hills to the north.

Oberth had lost a half dozen men, but there were three times that number of raiders lying on the sand.

The German advanced from his tent with a hand stuck out. He had a bandage over his forehead.

"Capt. Hartzell!" he cried. "That was a most sporting gesture. You saved our lives, man!"



## MODERN COMICS

Come, ask your men to dismount and we'll celebrate. You must join up with us. We'll hunt the Osiris together."

Hartzell shook hands, as we all did. Oberth was a polished chap. We entered his tent and sat down to coffee and trays of excellent food.

"Spectacular the way you chaps rode down that hill shouting and firing," chuckled Oberth. "You scared old Ibn Kan out of seven years' growth. Eat, men!"

Our combined caravans started out at dawn, winding south. Hartzell and Oberth rode together, chatting amiably. It felt good to be with such a large safari. No desert men would have the nerve to attack us. After all, it was my first caravan.

Sunset of the eighth day brought us to a low range of lava hummocks, and we halted for a sniff of the sharp air. Then we were on the way again, the horses slipping and sliding down the glassy sides of the hills. The camels, with their great padded feet, had no trouble at all.

Down below it was a stretch of flat sand that ended in a high escarpment of basalt cliffs.

Hartzell said, pointing, "That's it, gentlemen. In those cliffs is the cavern of Osiris."

The cavern of Osiris! How romantic it all sounded! Osiris, ancient queen of Egypt before the Ptolemy Dynasty. Before Cleopatra. Almost before history.

We made camp not far from the cavern, which yawned nearby. In the morning—

I think both Hartzell and Oberth secretly entered the cavern that night; I seemed to see tiny moving lights bobbing in the darkness. If they did, nothing was said by either the next morning. We were soon entering the great black hole.

It was twenty minutes' walk to the high, dry room supposed to hold the valuable Osiris. We came upon her abruptly, and the effect was startling. A ray of someone's flash fell smack upon her glimmering white figure, causing rainbows of color to scintillate from her gorgeous carving.

"Osiris!" I could not help gasp.

Oberth laughed. "Yes, old Osiris herself. Handsome old girl, what?"

I wondered what terms Hartzell and Oberth

had agreed upon. Naturally, we sought the statue for the Cairo Museum. The German wanted it for his own country.

I caught a sly gleam in Oberth's eye as the men gently picked up the heavy statue and carefully began the walk back to the entrance.

Osiris was wrapped in several thicknesses of soft woolen cloth, then heavy paper. Then she was placed in a net sling, with reinforcement stays, to make it easy to lash to a camel.

I was tired that night. I guess everyone was. And we all slept like the dead. When someone shouted toward dawn, I came out of the fog with a start.

"Oberth's gone!" cried a guard. "He and all his men have sneaked off and taken Osiris with them!"

Everyone was running for the horses when Hartzell halted them.

"Take it easy, boys," he said. "Oberth is well on his way. He'll be at the river by this time. He has boats waiting there, out in the middle of the Nile. He's given us the slip."

He was acting odd, I thought. "But what—" I began.

"Bob," said Hartzell, "get a half dozen men and follow me."

We entered the cavern and this time went beyond the room of Osiris to a flat surface of solid rock. Hartzell pressed a secret spring. The rock swung inward, revealing another room, in pitch dark. The lights showed us a gleaming Osiris standing on a pedestal!

"This is the real one," said Hartzell. "I didn't tell Oberth about it, of course; I had a hunch he would double-cross me. Pick her up, men, and easy!"

"But what was the one he got?" I demanded.

Hartzell grinned. "If you were with Oberth, you'd soon know—as he has found out by now."

Oberth was in a rage. Half way across the stream, as they were making for the boats, the big wrapped statue slung to a camel began acting strange. It rapidly lost its bulk, sagged, and at last was a mere bunch of sodden wrappings and loose ropes. The German ripped at the coverings and then swore.

"Verdant! Salt! A swindle. The statue is only salt!"



# Will Bragg





# Will Bragg



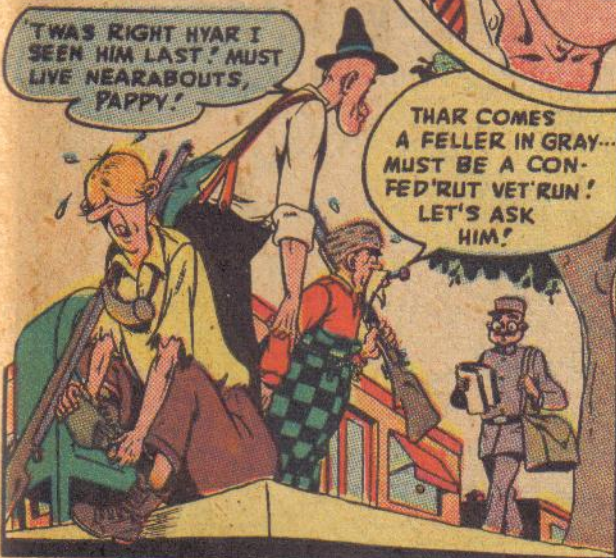


MODERN COMICS



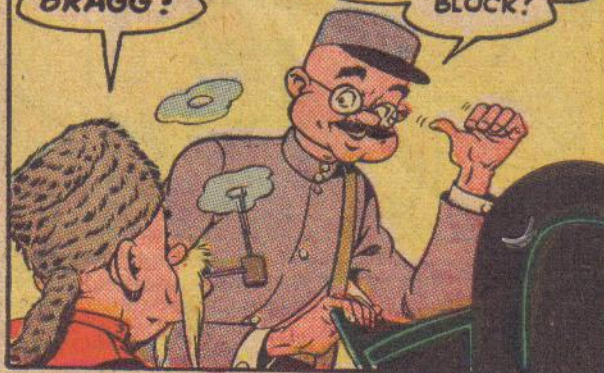
I KNOW, PAPPY... WE DID THINK WE'D KILT THE LAST OF THE ORNERY BRAGGS... BUT I HEERD THIS FELLER ADMIT HE WAS ONE OF 'EM.' BETTER CALL UNCLE GOOCH FROM POSSUM HOLLER! I'LL GET IN TETCH WITH CUZZIN MAYHEM MY OWN SELF! US TANTRUMS WILL WIPE OUT THE ANCIENT INSULT IN **BRAGG BLOOD!**

Next day, when the train rolls in ....

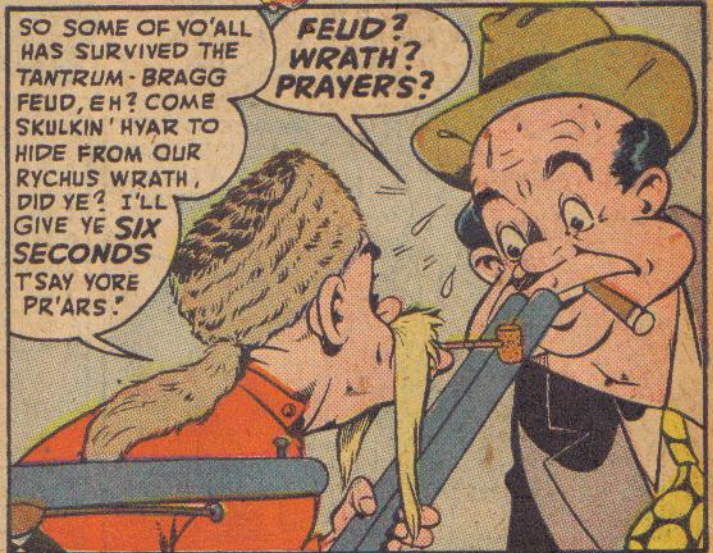
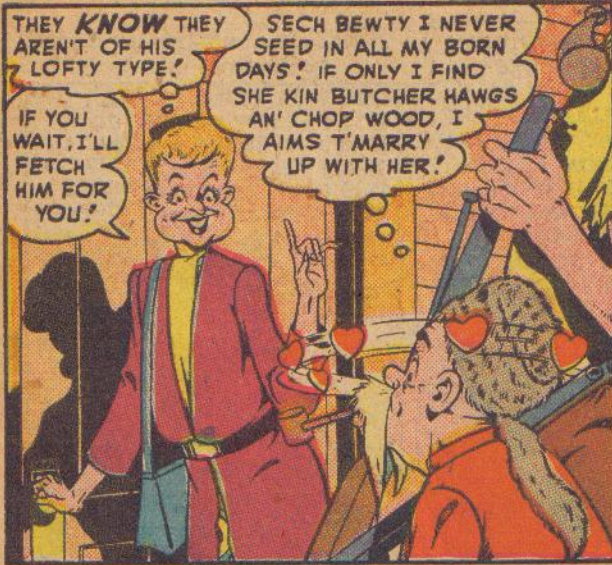


PARDON ME, SUH? KIN YOU-ALL TELL US WHAR-AT LIVES A NO' COUNT, GRAVE-CHEATIN', OVER-BEARIN', WUTHLESS FELLER NAME O' **BRAGG?**

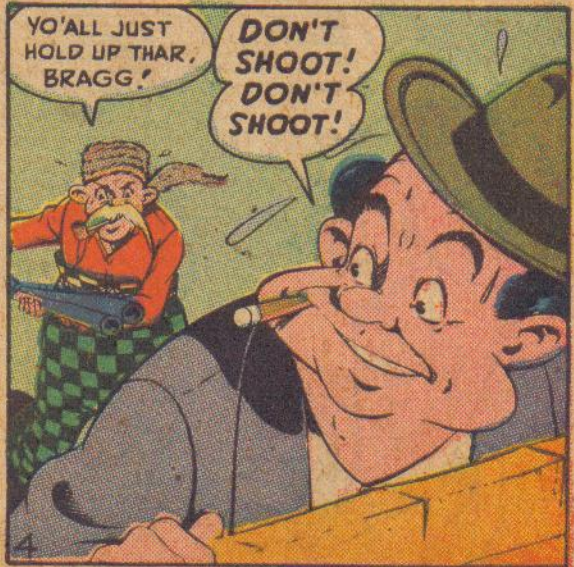
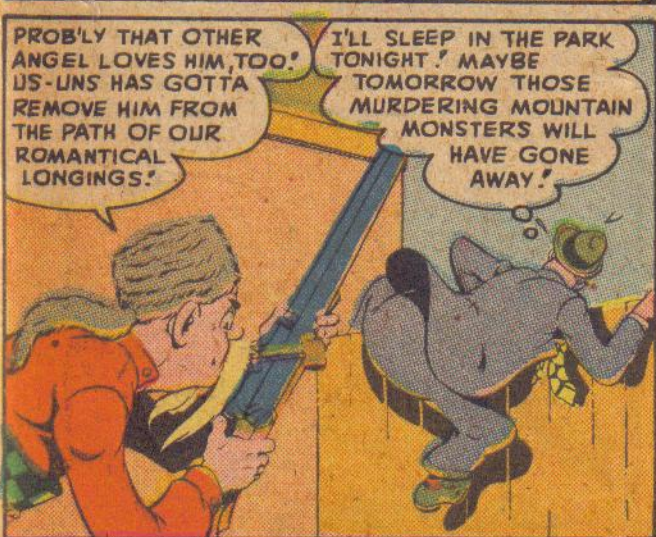
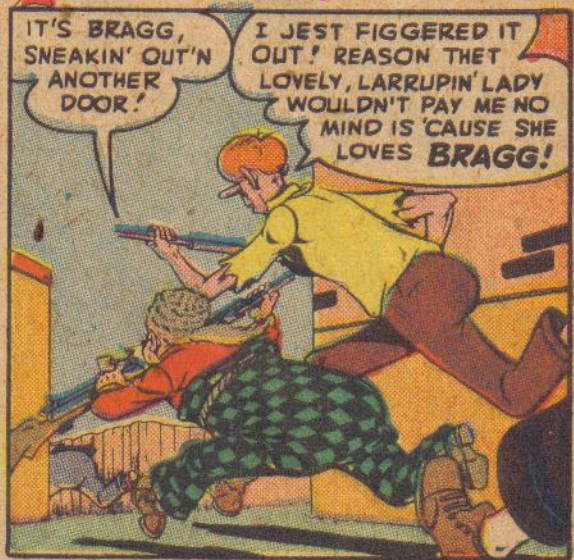
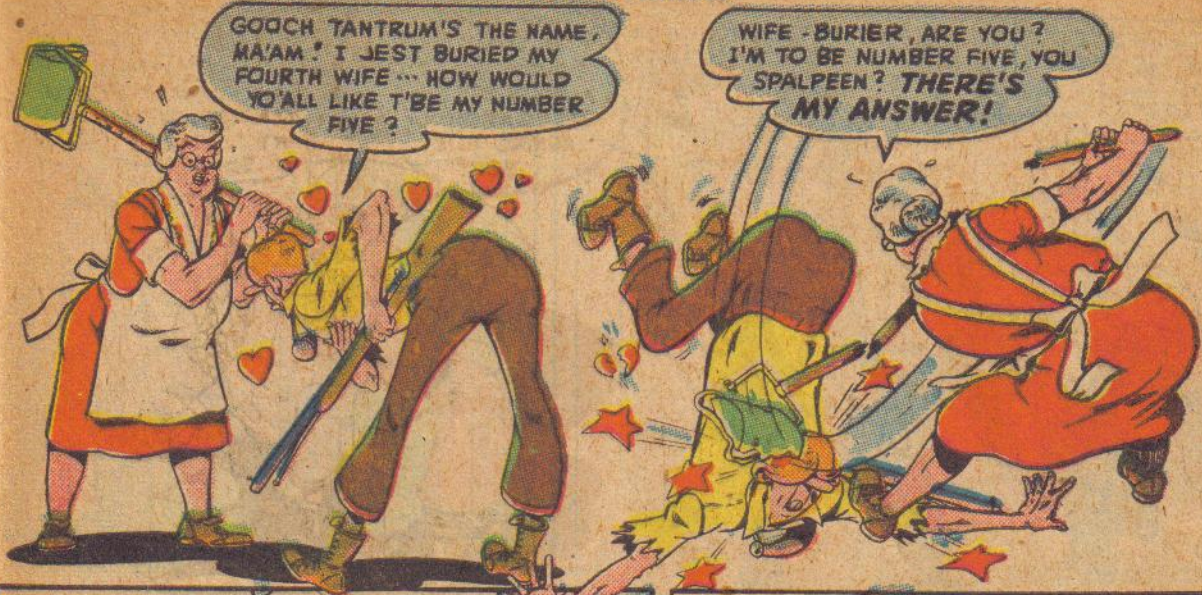
I NEVER HEARD A MORE ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF WILL BRAGG IN MY LIFE! HE BOARDS AT MRS. MAHOULAHAN'S RIGHT IN THE NEXT BLOCK!



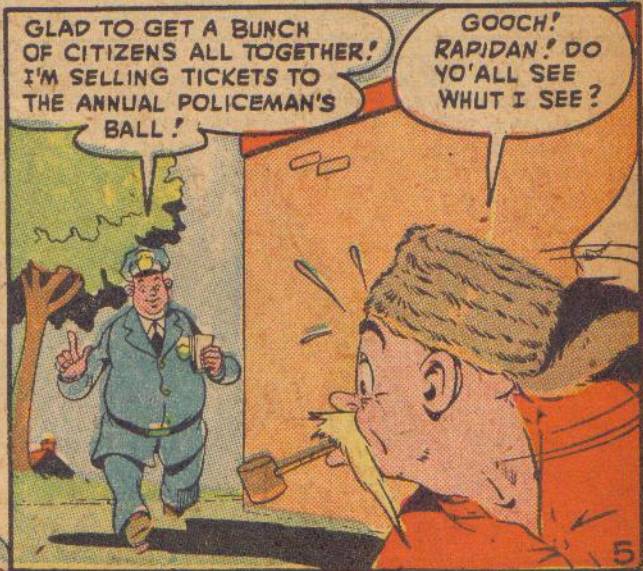
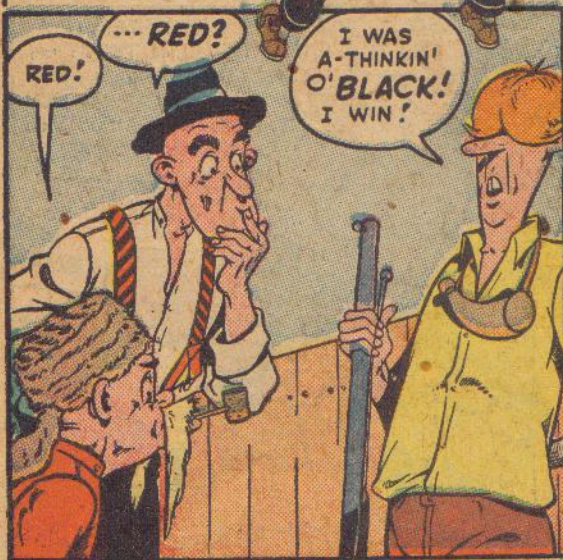




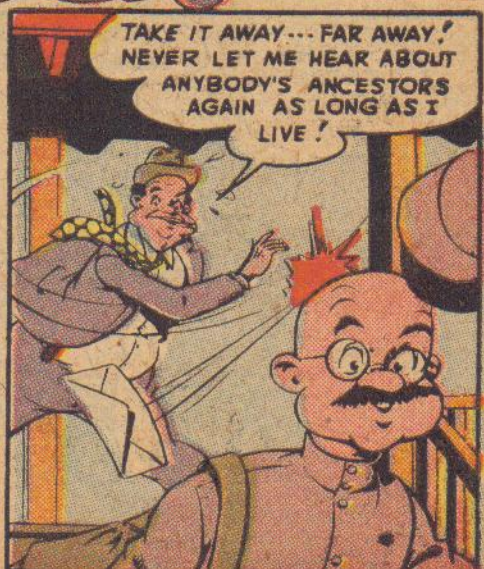
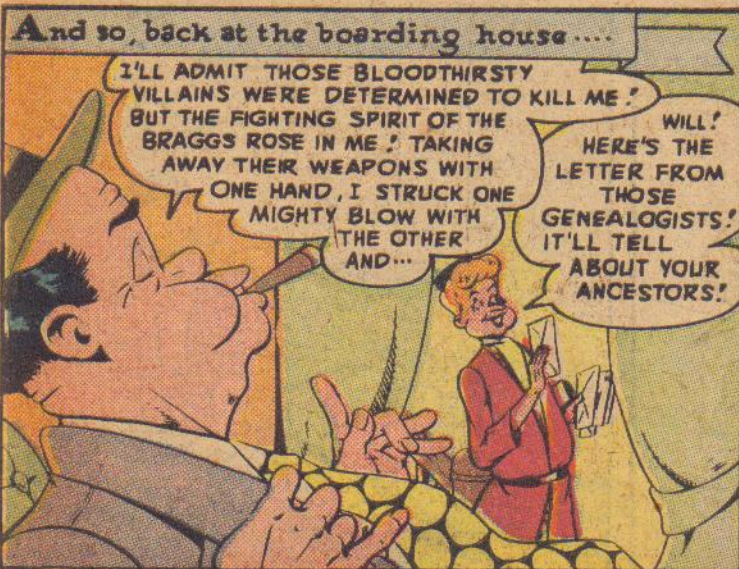
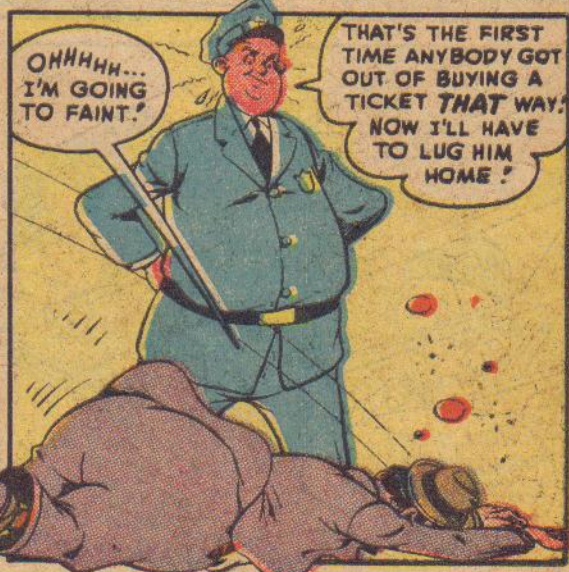
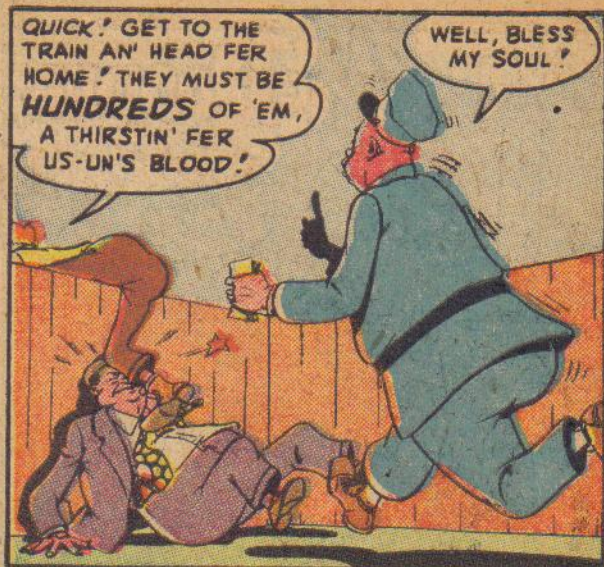




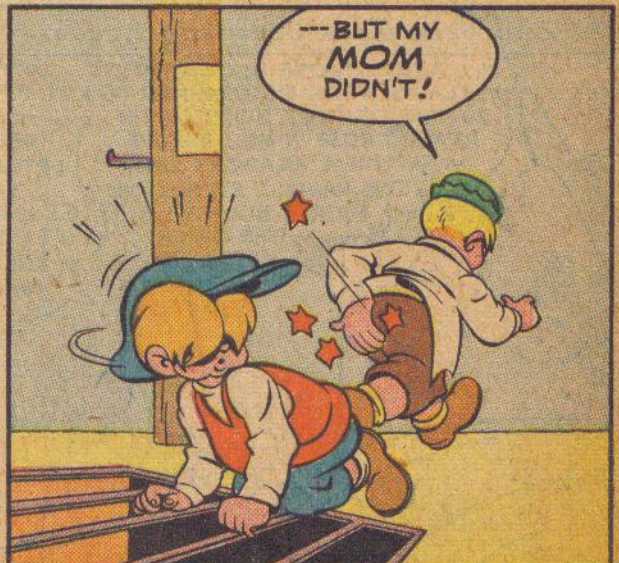
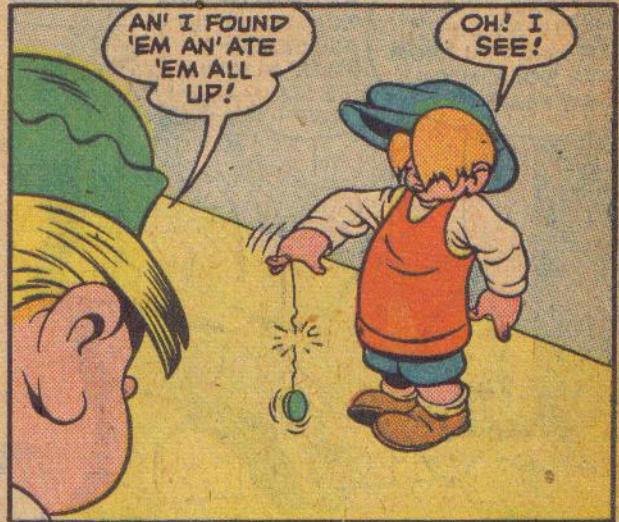
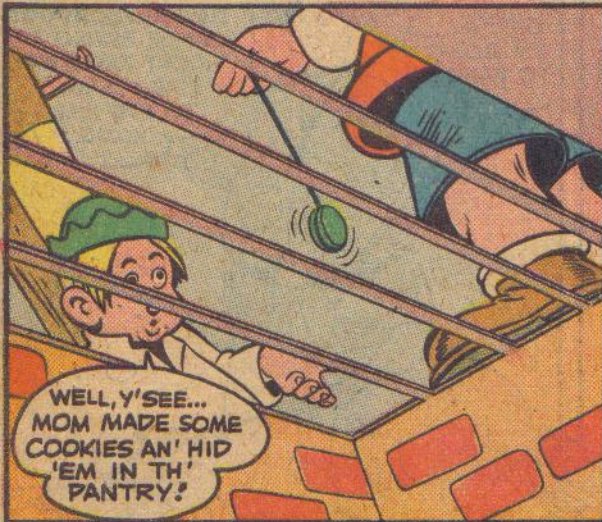
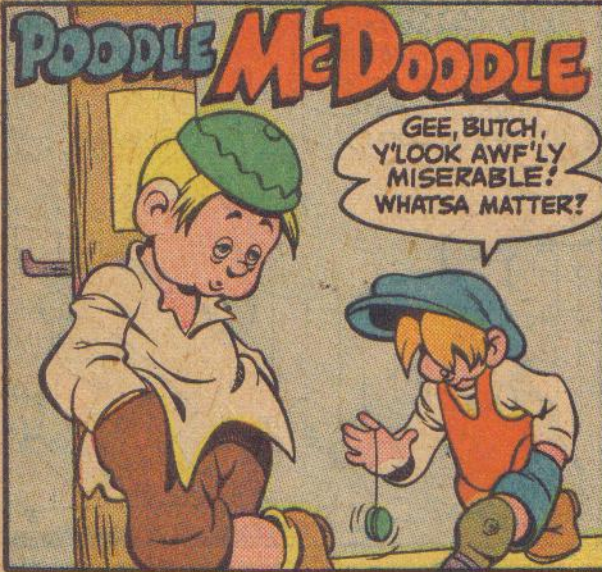














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MODELING KIT WITH  
EVERYTHING IN IT  
I NEEDED, SO....

.... I JUST PAINT THE  
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT  
WITH LIQUID RUBBER  
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS  
EASY!

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE  
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT  
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER  
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
DO WITH  
THAT?

JUST POUR MODELING  
POWDER INTO IT. THEN  
WHEN IT DRIES, I  
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT  
MAKE A CAST  
OF THE INDIAN?

YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I  
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN  
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS  
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN  
REPRODUCE ANYTHING  
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE  
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-  
DER ME A KIT TODAY!

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6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ (print plainly)

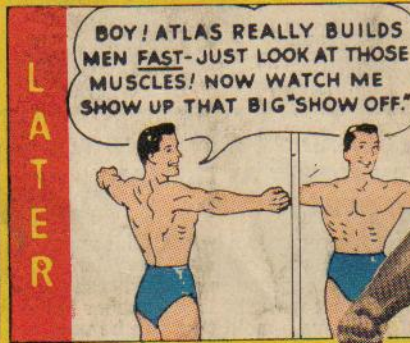
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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say--see how they look before and after--in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3309**  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me--give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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